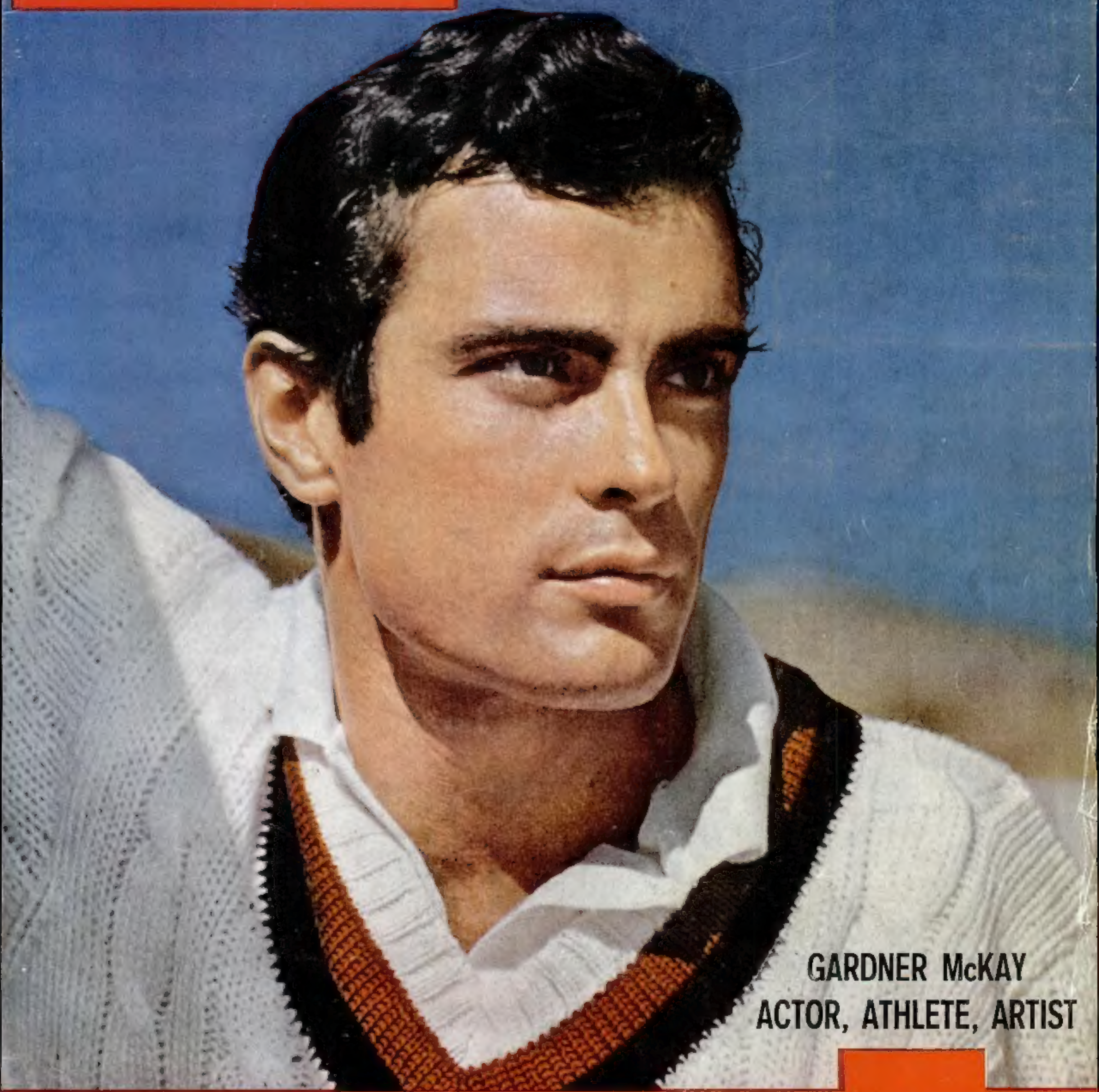


# LIFE

HOW ABOUT HIM, GIRLS?  
THE NEW CHALLENGER  
FOR AMERICAN GOOD LOOKS



GARDNER McKAY  
ACTOR, ATHLETE, ARTIST


JULY 6, 1959



The sunniest dispositions  
just happen to start with **Post Toasties**

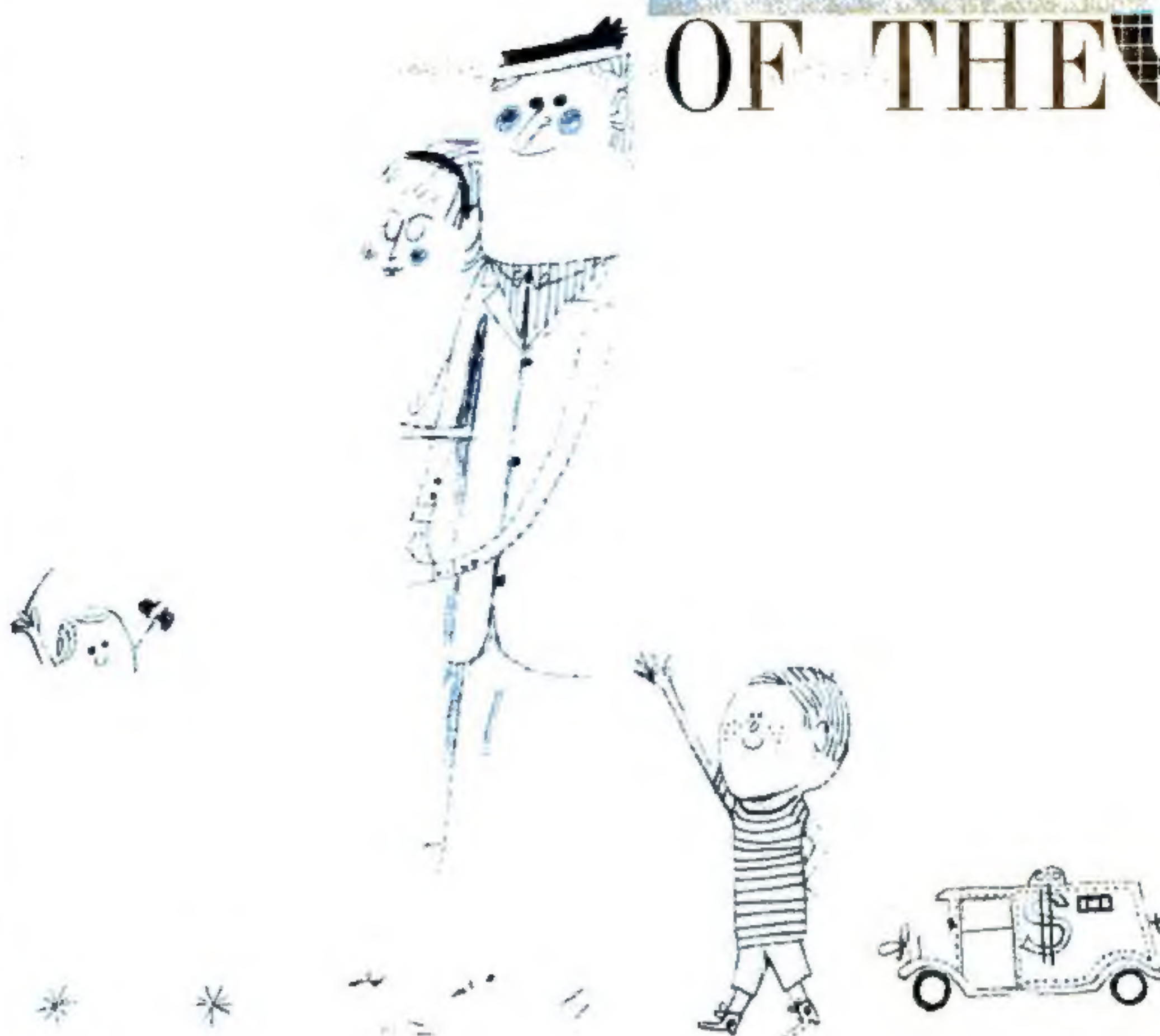
The corn flake with the sunny  
disposition—gives you one, too.  
Post's better way of toasting (plus that sweet corn  
flavor) make these corn flakes just a little bit better.  
A bowl of sunshine, anybody?



All Post cereals happen to be  just a little bit better!



# MARKET OF THE



## The New Market: Broadly Diverse.

We know that the Market of the 1960's will provide a much bigger selling opportunity for U. S. business than the Market of the 1950's (see our previous inserts).

But it will also provide selling opportunities very different from any that U. S. business has encountered in the past.

These opportunities will spring from three deep-rooted changes: a change in the composition of the population; a change in the distribution of personal incomes; and a change in the kind of work Americans do to earn these incomes, and where they will earn them.

We pointed out last week that 45% of all the families that will make up the Market of the Sixties will have incomes over \$7,500 a year; that 39% will have incomes between \$4,000 and \$7,500; that only 16% will have incomes under \$4,000.

The important fact to keep in mind here is that "discretionary spending" (spending for goods and services beyond the basic necessities of life) begins at about \$4,000 a year but is fairly limited until family income reaches \$7,500. (In any community, most of the \$5,000-a-year families live pretty much alike.)

By 1970, then, nearly one out of two U. S. families will have the





ability to change its entire way of life -- and to do so as often as it pleases.

In estimating how Americans will spend their money in the Sixties it is also important to keep in mind the changing character of their occupations.

Consider the implications of these occupational shifts as they will be reflected in new tastes, interests and spending habits:

# By 1970 more than half of the male labor force will be largely freed from manual labor (except at home); 40% will be white-collar (about 20 million of them) and for the first time they will out-number the blue-collar. Two-thirds of the white-collar will be classified as managers, officials and proprietors or as pro-

fessionals or technical workers -- the highly skilled white-collar classifications. Likewise, in farm and blue-collar work there will be a further marked shift to the more technical and skilled jobs.

#### Which Way Will the Dollars Go?

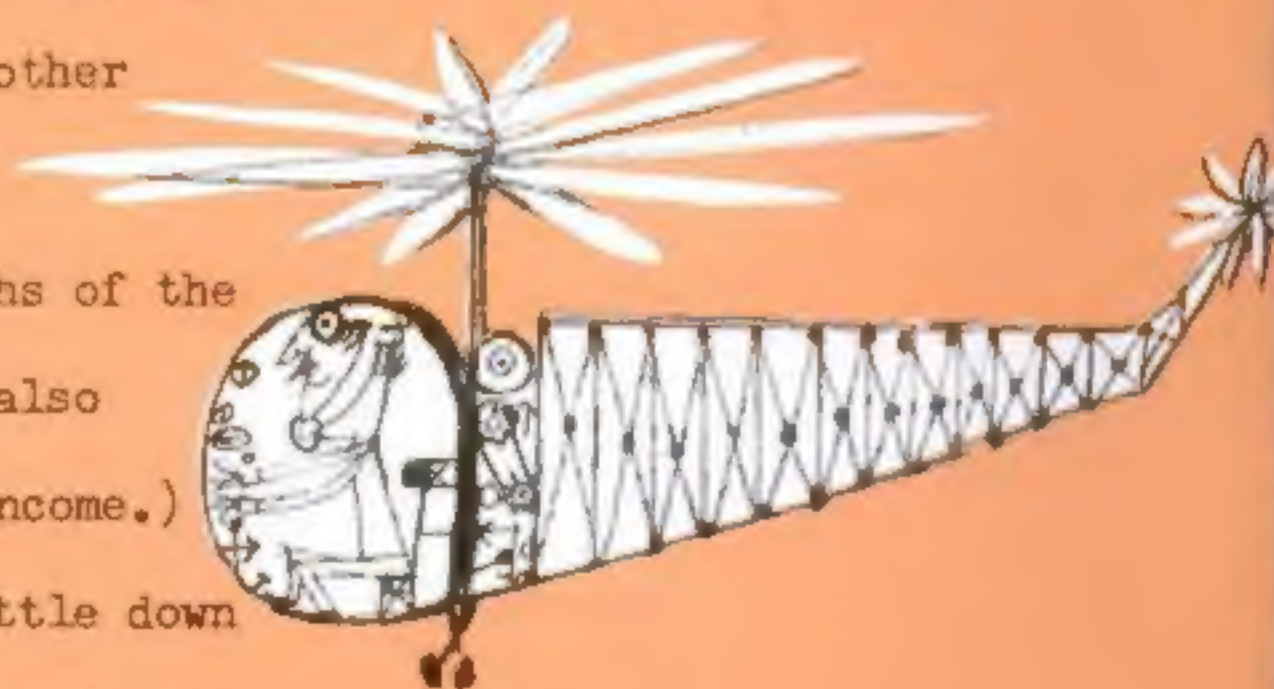


There is the chance, FORTUNE says, that with a lot more money in new hands in the 1960's "we may see a succession of brief, hectic booms in a wide range of markets, with the money-laden masses conferring their favors alternately on boats, helicopters, original paintings, adult education, champagne-every-night, and psychoanalysis."

There is also the possibility that the newly wealthy, who have a capacity to save in a big way, may head off and splurge in the direction of stocks and bonds and other forms of savings. (It is well to remember that more than three-fifths of the over-\$7,500 families of 1970 will also have more than \$10,000 in yearly income.)

Or, the "new spenders" may settle down and channel their living habits into the predictable patterns of the top income groups of the past, upgrading their way of life in the more or less conventional directions (in marketing terms) of the previous rich -- the sports car, the more expensive suit, the winter vacation, hi-fi equipment, a larger house.

But emulating other groups will become more and more difficult in the Sixties as the old class distinctions dissolve.



(continued on back flap)



# The wife who put away her seasick pills

The story of the Torsion-Aire Ride, a man who loved to drive and a wife who got carsick



Probably you never get carsick.

Very few adults do, although we occasionally hear of children who have this trouble.

This man's wife did. Regularly. So regularly that his wife used to carry "seasick pills" in her purse when she couldn't avoid taking a motor trip.

So, although the poor fellow loved to drive, he very seldom did.

Then he encountered a determined representative from Chrysler Corporation. This man asked him if he'd ever tried a car with Torsion-Aire Ride.

#### What is Torsion-Aire Ride?

"Torsion-Aire Ride," asked the grounded driver, "what is Torsion-Aire Ride?"

"It's a little technical to explain," answered the representative, "but our cars are the only American-made cars that have it. And it's the big reason we give you a ride the others can't match. It just might be the best thing in the world for what ails your wife."

To bring a long story to an end, our friend persuaded his wife to take a ride with him

in a new Chrysler. He could just as well have picked out a Plymouth, a Dodge, a De Soto, or an Imperial. But he picked a Chrysler and he and his wife took a long drive.

Nobody got carsick. His wife put away her seasick pills against the day when she might take an ocean trip.

#### This is a true story

Naturally we don't pretend to claim that the Torsion-Aire Ride is any sure-fire cure for car sickness. We're just telling you what happened in this case. And there is no doubt whatever that there is a very noticeable difference between the Torsion-Aire Ride and the ride you can get in any other American-made car.

The Torsion-Aire Ride uses the same torsion bar principle that is now employed in a few \$10,000 to \$15,000 imported sports cars. Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler, and Imperial are the only cars made in this country that have it.

#### Here's how it works

Chrysler Corporation engineers have re-

placed the front coil springs with two bars of high-chrome steel (torsion bars). These bars soak up the up-and-down motion of the wheels and avoid the usual vertical bounce.

The rear end of the bars are anchored so they can't turn. This keeps the front of the car smooth and steady.

The action works in combination with fast acting rear leaf springs. This faster spring action catches up with the front torsion bar action to minimize seesaw motion.

#### How it pays off

The result is a remarkably level ride. The car doesn't dip its nose when you stop or drag its tail when it starts. You go around curves in a car that's almost as steady and level as it is on a freshly paved straightaway.

Unless you've driven a Chrysler Corporation car recently, you may find all this a little hard to believe. A visit to your nearest dealer will make a believer out of you. For a drive will bring out the difference great engineering makes.

Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more

**PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DESOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL**

The Can Do Cars from Chrysler Corporation

This One





## POWER OF LOOKS IN HUMAN FACES

Physiologists say that man is able to register in his face hundreds of kinds of expressions. And these expressions evoke the human feelings—hope, awe, passion, anger and so on—in short, what is really going on. LIFE photographers are experienced face-watchers. They search for expressions which capture the inner feeling of dramatic events. In our lead story this week, for instance, we have a picture of the Swedish heavyweight challenger Ingemar Johansson (p. 17)—taken just before the big moment—which shows him glancing intently and confidently at his lovely fiancée in the audience. On the facing page we show her returning his look with anticipation, adulation and hope. Maybe this helps explain what happened next: Johansson knocked the block off defending champion Floyd Patterson.



CONFIDENT JOHANSSON

Maybe you remember our series on James Hoffa and his Teamsters. Well, a lot of what we were talking about is focused in the deep antagonism of the faces on page 38A: Kennedy accusing and Hoffa bullying through in front of the Rackets Committee.



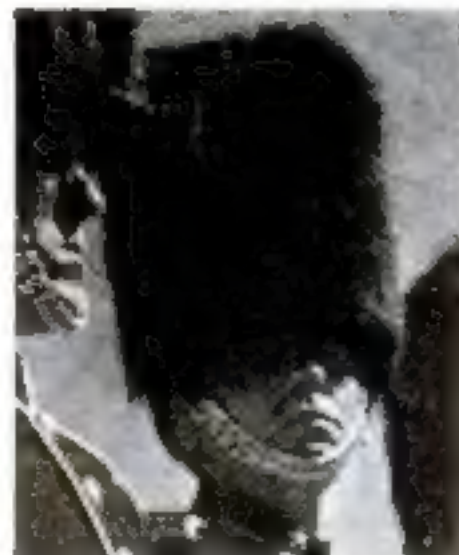
HANDSOME MCKAY

Photographers know no mirror is more sensitive to the feeling of surroundings than children's faces. Henry Miller's children (p. 62) reflect both the liberty and challenge of a wide-open, bleak, beautiful countryside: California's Big Sur.

And the rapt faces of Big Sur children listening to Susan Potter tell a story (p. 63) reflect the intoxication this craggy seacoast gives the imagination.

In the same way the "children of the queen" mirror what is most fairybook and lovable about Britain's monarchy—whether they are Indian children waiting in a remote Quebec mining town to see a real queen—their queen—or guardsmen waiting at rigid eyes-right attention to welcome Elizabeth II on a Quebec dock. The looks of the queen herself, and with her President Eisenhower, say a lot too. Their wonderfully warm, tranquil smiles (p. 24) capture what is best in democratic leadership and international cooperation.

Some looks are simply matters of physiognomy. That's how it is with the man on our cover. We suspect a lot of women will think they've never seen more looks than in Gardner McKay's strong-jawed, deep-eyed features. What do you think of him? Well, here's looking at you too.



CEREMONIAL GUARDSMAN

### COVER

Near his home in California, Gardner McKay displays the handsome face which makes him a contender for a place among America's best looking males (see pp. 88-93)

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LIFE, JULY 6, 1959

VOLUME 47, NUMBER 1

LIFE IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY TIME INC., 50 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO 11, ILL. PRINTED IN U. S. A. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. AUTHORIZED BY POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, CANADA AS SECOND CLASS MATTER. SUBSCRIPTIONS \$12 A YEAR IN U. S. A. AND CANADA.

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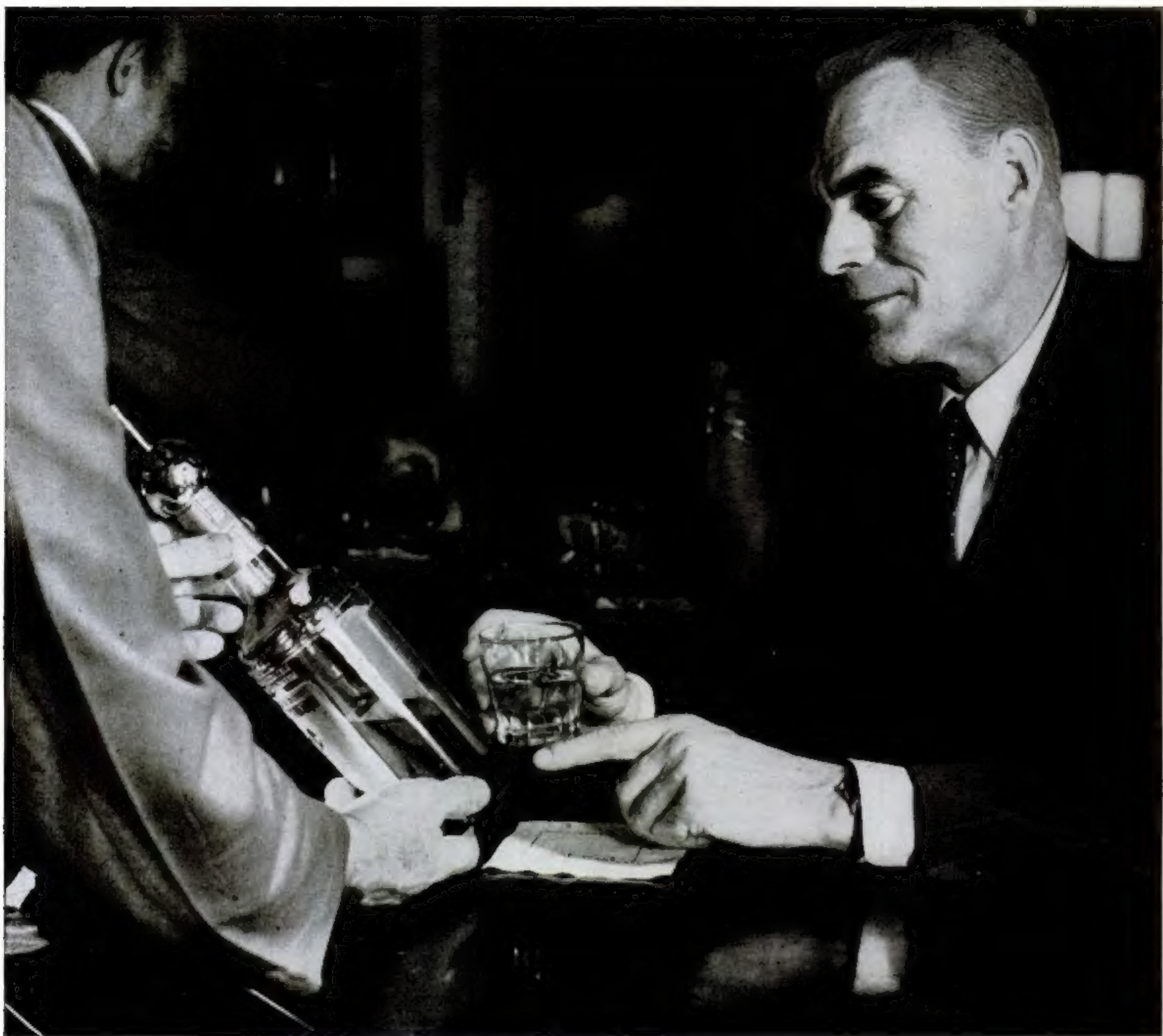
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Bourbon is available under many famous brand names in taverns and package stores everywhere...for your enjoyment.



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"Gee, MOM, you fix  
the best fried chicken  
in the world!"



**YOU BET SHE DOES! Because today's "broilers"  
are *grown* better to *taste* better**



Sure, Mom's fried chicken is the best. Her cooking always tastes better—especially when it's golden-brown fried chicken, with all its juicy, tender meat and appetizing aroma.

There's another reason why fried chicken is better than ever: Today's broilers are better to start with. They're *grown* better to *taste* better. And this is no accident. Thousands of scientists and poultrymen have joined hands to develop a tastier, meatier bird, one you can serve without undue waste. Today's broiler is fresher when you put it on the stove, too. To protect its natural goodness,

it is packaged in a clean, crisp, transparent wrapper and kept ice-cold by modern refrigeration. All of which means more good eating at the table.

Today's families enjoy fried chicken several times a week—not just on Sunday. They've found that chicken is more nutritious and economical than other meats—and has extra taste appeal, too. They think of it as the perfect meat dish for happy meals, especially those cooked outdoors, picnics and Chick-N-Ques. Chances are your family would like fried chicken more often. Why not tonight?

**DELICIOUS FRIED CHICKEN—BETTER THAN EVER—THANKS TO POULTRY SCIENCE**



NATIONWIDE SERVICE TO THE POULTRY INDUSTRY



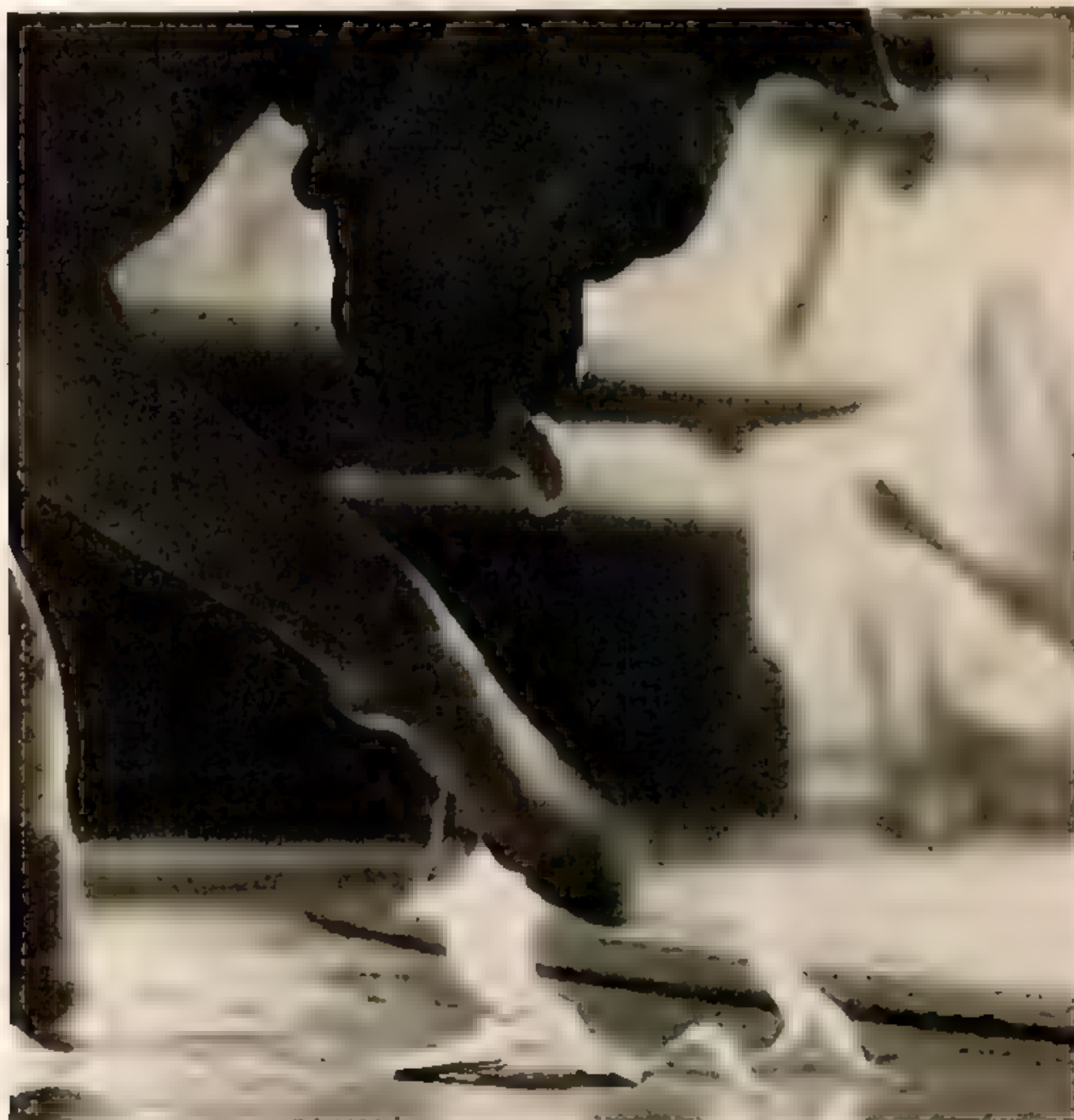


**FLAME IN FACE** does not stop Cindy as she moves through it too fast to be burned.

# Fearless Fast-working Fire-Eater

When a tongue of flame (*left*) licked at the dog's face, the dog's tongue licked right back. The dog's owners, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Truman of Hanover, N.H., were neither surprised nor worried. Their boxer, Cindy, is a fire-eater from way back. As a puppy, she started snapping at sparks hot out of the incinerator. Now 18 months old, she quenches burning kindling, nips out live cigarettes and wades to get at kerosene flares on the highway.

The fire at left is a matchbook set off by Photographer Hanson Carroll. Darting at the flames, Cindy licked her face to keep it cool, stamped the book to pieces (*below*) and smothered it with her damp mouth (*right*). "She's too quick to get burned," said Mr. Truman, lighting a cigaret. "The darn fool knows no fear." Then he dropped the match and Carroll completed (*far right*) a crackling set of pictures.



**PAWING THE FIRE**, Cindy uses quick strokes to scatter the flaming paper and stamp out the ashes.

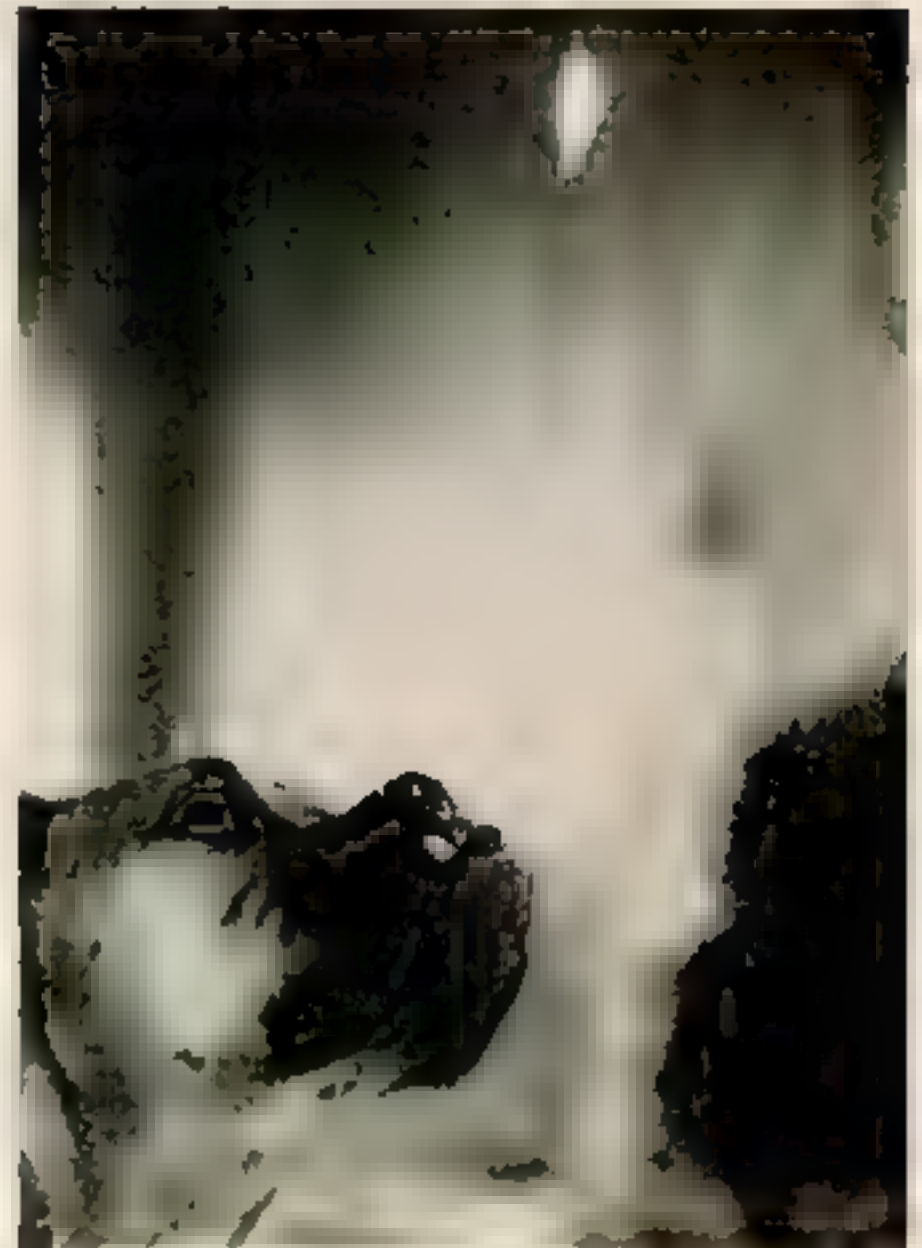
**EATING FIRE**, Cindy pounces on flame with jaw open. Saliva protects her mouth. Helps snuff out fire.







## SPEAKING OF PICTURES



**PUTTING OUT MATCH.** Candy gauges flaming drop (*top*), opens her mouth to receive it (*middle*), takes it and quickly spits it out (*below*). Quenched, it drops, leaving a trail of smoke under her chin.



# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## WHERE MONEY GOES

Sirs:

If the case of that young St. Louisan is a real case he is to be pitied ("Why Nobody Can Save Any Money," *LIFE*, June 15). This seems to be "cost of high living," not "high cost of living." Does he know there's a word "economy" in the dictionary?

H. W. GORMAN

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

Thanks to Ernest Havemann I can stop worrying about my debts. He has given me an out—almost everybody is broke and I'm helping the economy of the country. I don't know when I've enjoyed reading an article more or when one did so much for my morale.

CLARA P. BRIGHT

Pleasant Hill, Calif.

Sirs:

Oh boy, is your St. Louis couple going to catch it from the life insurance boys! Imagine—\$5.20 a month for life insurance. How irresponsible can you get?

JAMES L. TAYLOR

Piedmont, Calif.

● The insurance mentioned in the story was an \$8,000 group policy issued through his employer. In addition he has a \$10,000 CI policy.—ED.

Sirs:

That milk bill is the eye stopper! How can anyone with three children spend only \$8 a month for milk?

Mrs. DOROTHY ROBINSON

Stuhomish, Wash.

● The \$8 milk bill listed in the budget referred only to home-delivered milk. An additional \$7.20 is spent on milk bought at the store and included in the general food budget.—ED.

Sirs:

The gifted young man appears to have found the secret of perpetual good health as witnessed by the fact that he has absolutely no doctor bills.

TIMMIE PERSTEIN

Los Angeles, Calif.

● Most medical expenses are taken care of by Blue Cross Blue Shield plans paid for by a \$5.50 monthly payroll deduction. However, \$5-\$10 monthly should have been listed for doctor's bills.—ED.

Sirs:

That article made me mad. It is possible to live in a realistic fashion—and not be sucked toward a bunch of lunatics at the end of each week.

My husband and I earned \$8,000 plus last year. My husband is a high school teacher who is extremely happy in his work. He supplements his income with two other jobs which he loves—photography and music. We pay \$77 a month for three rooms in an old but well-kept building. We shop in the supermarket and

eat out about once a week. We have a TV set, hi-fi, a three-year-old car, all paid for with cash. We save till we have the money for something, or else we don't buy it. In three years, we have averaged over \$40 a week in savings.

I take some ribbing when I make my trip to the bank each month, deposit slip in hand; everyone wants to know what on earth I am saving for. I always give the same answer—for the child I am going to have next year and for that same time when I will give up my job.

Mrs. WILLIAM SPILKA

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Now that I'm assured we're not alone in our dilemma, I'm not sure whether I feel better or worse—better because so many are in the same boat, or worse because the load may sink us all eventually.

L. E. JONES

Homer, N.Y.

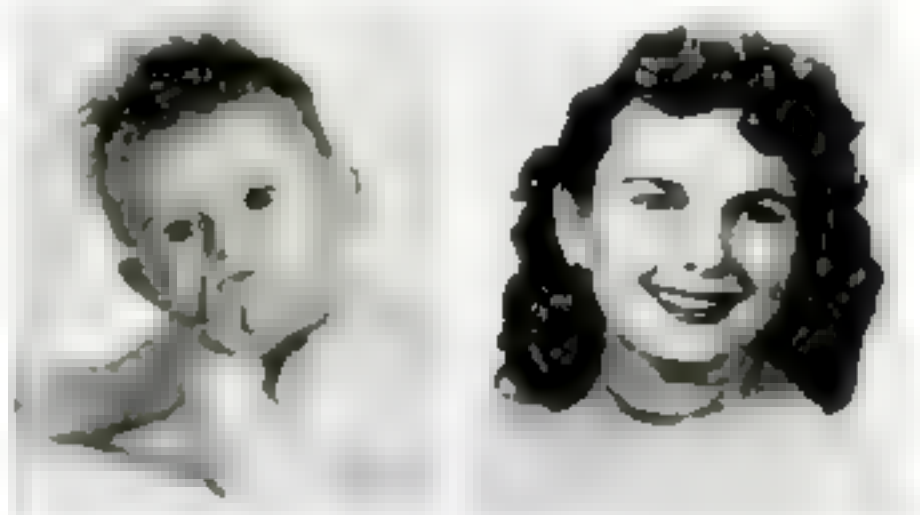
## SEQUEL

Sirs:

I have a copy of *LIFE* dated Feb. 27, 1939. At the top of page 72 is the cutest darn baby in the world. Don't you wonder how a kid like that would look 20 years later? You can stop wondering. Here is a picture of my daughter who is still the cutest baby in the world. She celebrates her 21st birthday this week.

J. W. MCGAFFEY

Los Angeles, Calif.



DONNA LEE MCGAFFEY IN 1939 AND 1959

## WORLD'S WEEK

Sirs:

Rational people the world over will be shocked that tribute is still being paid to Calvin and Knox (A Look at the World's Week, *LIFE*, June 15). The un-Christian hatred with which these "austere" reformers pursued the brave men who dared disagree with their doctrines makes them rather subjects to be despised, ignored and pitied. What have they ever contributed to the good of humanity? Nothing! They caused untold strife, hypocrisy and the shedding of innocent blood in societies too ignorant to think for themselves.

FELIX DE COLA

Hollywood, Calif.

## EDITORIALS

Sirs:

Your editorial criticizing the Discomfort Index ("Is It Hot Enough for Kant?" *LIFE*, June 15) is presumptuous in describing this new measurement as a "cute new tool." The D.I. is the result of serious investigation by climatologists and physiologists in the problems of heating and cooling. These researchers are not "calorophobes" but serious scientists who understand that discomfort is only a symptom of decreased efficiency and stamina, and that atmospheric environment may be a major factor in creating this discomfort.

ARTHUR H. WALD

Hackensack, N.J.

Sirs:

Congratulations on "The Wheat and Egg Folly" (*LIFE*, June 15). As a producer of eggs I can see no reason for soliciting aid from the government.

When one engages in any business which must necessarily be affected by factors involving economic trends in a highly competitive business, he must know that such conditions as exist today are inevitable.

ROSWELL KING

Tallahassee, Fla.

Sirs:

This effort may be considered a distinct contribution to your readers. These criticisms will in the end lead

to a better understanding of just exactly what the farmer is now up against. Such constant criticism should lead, soon, to a constructive over-all program on a permanent basis, for as agriculture goes, so goes the nation.

FRANK N. DECKER

Syracuse, N.Y.

## EVANS FAMILY

Sirs:

As a native of Colorado I have read with keen interest the article, "Great Family: Evans of Denver" (*LIFE*, June 15). Certainly it gives credit where credit is abundantly due. I feel, however, that an account of the Central City summer festival is incomplete without mention of the contribution of the late Ida Kruse McFarlane, professor of English at the University of Denver who in the '20s dreamed of such a festival.

The project was initiated under the co-sponsorship of Miss Anne Evans and Mrs. McFarlane. It was through the good offices of Mrs. McFarlane that the long-neglected opera house was decided to the University of Denver, to be reopened as a fine arts center.

V. B. SPENGLER

Washington, D.C.

● When Mrs. McFarlane (above) first mentioned her dream to Miss Evans, that forthright lady is supposed to have answered, "How'll you get people up there, Ida? By balloon?"—ED.

## MARCH TOWARD SPACE

Sirs:

No one will dispute that Able and Baker certainly were heroines by reason of their intelligence, obedience and fortitude in accomplishing their involuntary mission ("New U.S. Advances in March to Space," *LIFE*, June 15). However, "martyrs" rather than heroines would seem a more appropriate term for those whose accomplishment was rewarded by pain and terror imposed by the calculated cruelty of civilized man upon God's little creatures.

Mrs. M. F. JACK

Oakland, Calif.

## POET'S PAEAN

Sirs:

May a Robert Frost devotee of long standing take the opportunity to thank you for printing the inspiring and delightful poem praising the man and poet by Paul Engle ("Paeon for a Poet by a Poet," *LIFE*, June 15).

Arriving as an immigrant in 1926, I set about absorbing American literature. Our evening school teacher read us an unforgettable poem, *The Road Not Taken*, by Robert Frost. The public library proved a fountain of learning. Among my discoveries were Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Sara Teasdale and many others. They and their poetry served as a friendly light and guide to a lonely stranger in a new land.

MAGNY LANDSTAD JENSEN

Rockaway, N.J.

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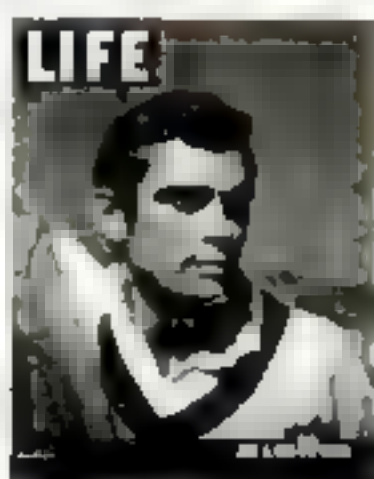
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**JOHNS-MANVILLE  
GOES TO A  
CORONATION**



**THE WINNER!** Mrs. Margaret Priebe of Des Moines, Iowa, is crowned the new Mrs. America in the nation-wide contest, held at Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

## NO. 1 HOMEMAKER CROWNED NEW MRS. AMERICA

*She officially opens new Johns-Manville 7-Star Home*

Mrs. Margaret Priebe, voted the nation's No. 1 Homemaker, is the new Mrs. America® of 1960. She won this coveted title over 250,000 entrants and 50 other state winners of homemaking contests. Tall, slender, blue-eyed Mrs. Priebe is the mother of four children, does her own housework.

Many of Mrs. Priebe's homemaking ideas and those of the other contestants are reflected in the new home below. It is called the Mrs. America Johns-Manville 7-Star Exhibition Home, is constructed with Johns-Manville Building Materials to insure safety, comfort and low upkeep.



Here's the home the women of America said they wanted! It was specifically designed for carefree living with a minimum of housework, by Garble, Powell and Gray, prominent architects of Fort Lauderdale.

Florida. It is located at Coral Ridge Country Club Subdivision, Fort Lauderdale. Realtor: Weber Realty. The builder is the well-known Huber Homes, Inc., Dayton and Columbus, Ohio, and Fort Lauderdale.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE →



# JOHNS-MANVILLE GOES TO A CORONATION CONTINUED



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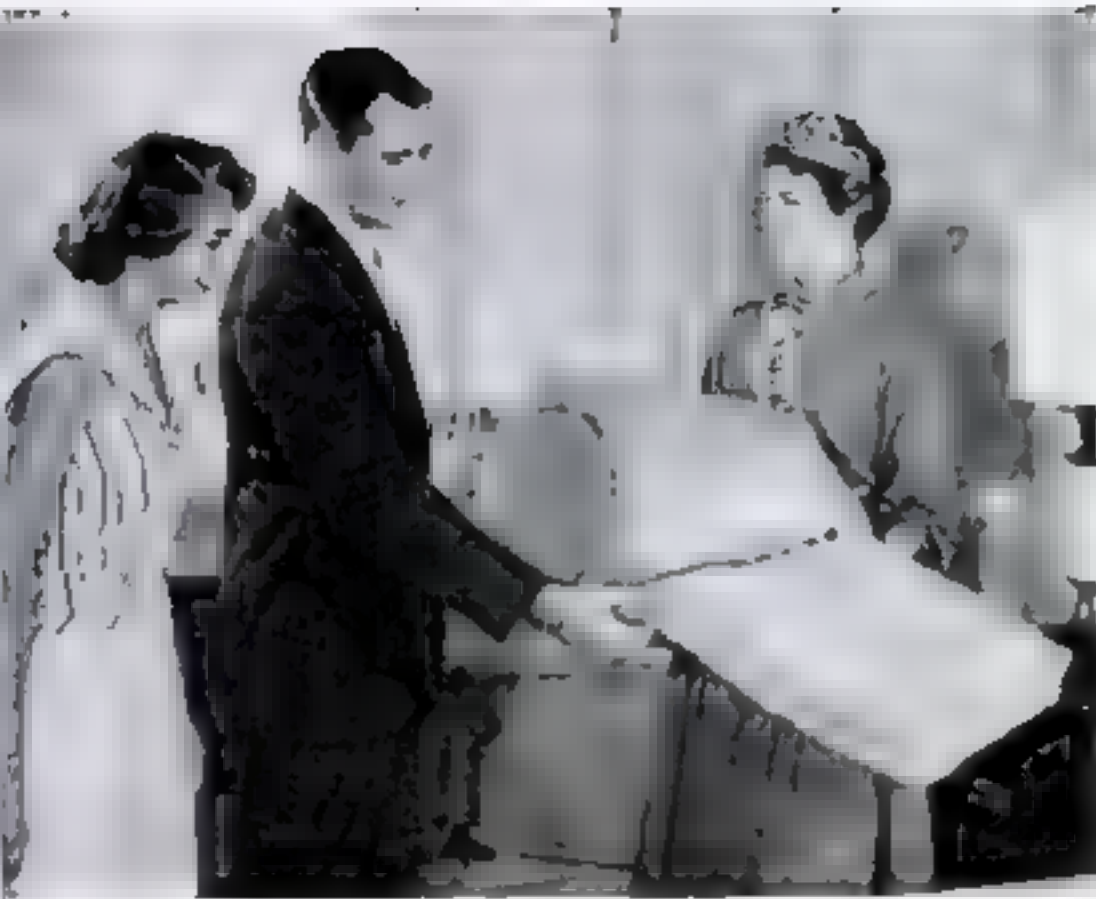
## OHIO

Alliance Cosmopolitan Housing . . . . . Ridgewood Sub.  
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K & S Bldrs.....Indian Meadows Sub.  
Fred Means Const. Co.....Country Club Estates  
W. Pao Middleton.....Canada Gardens Sub.  
Howard Mott.....Walnut Grove Village  
Mott & Gehna.....Laurewood Sub.  
Walnut Grove Village  
M & M Const. Co.....Canada Gardens  
R & S Const. Co.....Graceland-Sec. C  
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# JOHNS-MANVILLE









← **EYING INGEMAR** in the ring, his staring fiancée kept saying in Swedish, "It's no longer a dream."

**EYING BIRGIT**—and the title—from ring corner. Johansson waits for bell before spectacular fight.

## A GIRL, A FIGHTER, A CONFIDENT LOOK WORLD IS STUNNED BY SWEDISH PUNCH

The fighter's blue eyes looked out over the crowd and settled on a Swedish beauty (left) in the \$100 seats. The two exchanged glances with complete understanding. Up to the moment he stepped into the ring, Ingemar Johansson of Sweden seemed out of character as a pugilist. Last Friday night as his gloves were being laced on at Yankee Stadium for a try at the heavyweight championship, the Swede still looked more like a student than a challenger.

The girl was Birgit Lundgren, Johansson's secretary and fiancée, No. 1 in a private cheering section which included his mother and father, a sister and two brothers. In a strange and unsympathetic land, they were a comfort to Ingemar. They had lived with him, cooked for him and consoled him all through the training camp days when the experts scoffed

and the odds against him soared to 5 to 1.

But Johansson had confidence in his right hand. "It is faster than the eye and even I cannot see it," he proclaimed in an exclusive LIFE article (May 11). To the so-called fightwise guys this made him sound like the funniest foreigner since Italy's Primo Carnera briefly held the heavyweight title 25 years ago.

But in the third round came a historic moment for boxing. The right hand did land—so swiftly and firmly that neither the champion Floyd Patterson nor anybody else really saw it. And so Ingemar Johansson became the first non-American heavyweight champion in a generation. His sensational victory breathed fresh air into a racket-ridden sport and the 25,000 Americans who saw it happen were quick to join in a Swedish hurrah: "Hega, Ingemar!"





**OLD CHAMP** receives advice between rounds from manager, Cus D'Amato.

## TO PATTERSON: 'KEEP LEFT UP'

*An exclusive report from Patterson's corner: LIVE put on tape this advice from his manager during the fight.*

### ROUND ONE

"On my right," the announcer said, "wearing white trunks, weighing 182 pounds, the heavyweight champion, our own Floyd Patterson." Then, through the uproar, another voice: "Get them towels here." It was Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager. The gong sounded, Cus climbed out of the corner and called advice: "Head down, head down. . . . Keep your head, keep your head, Floyd. Hands high, watch your left."

### ROUND TWO

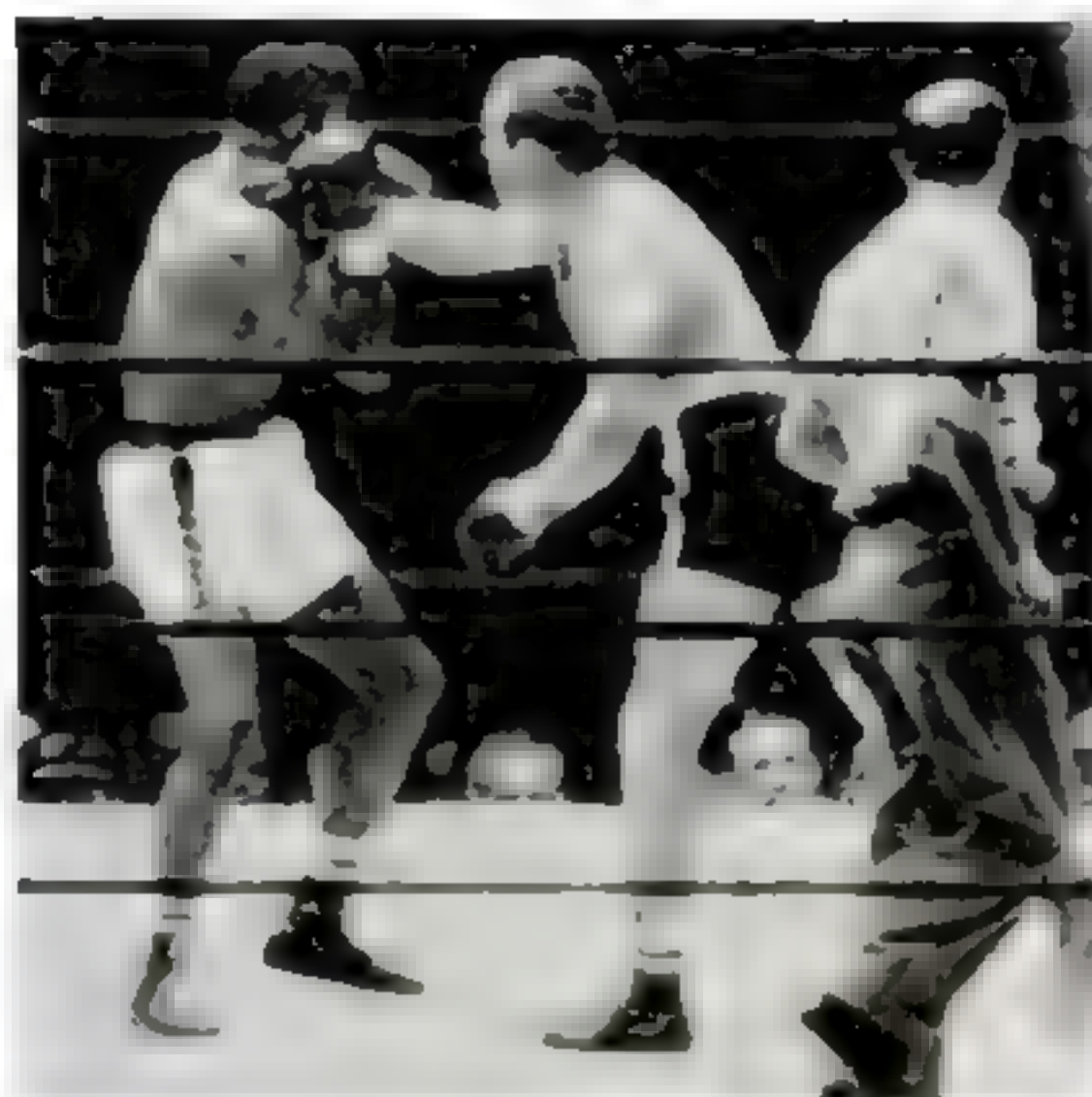
Between rounds Cus had told his man: "Keep that right up. You're all right, go get him." But Floyd didn't go get him.

### ROUND THREE

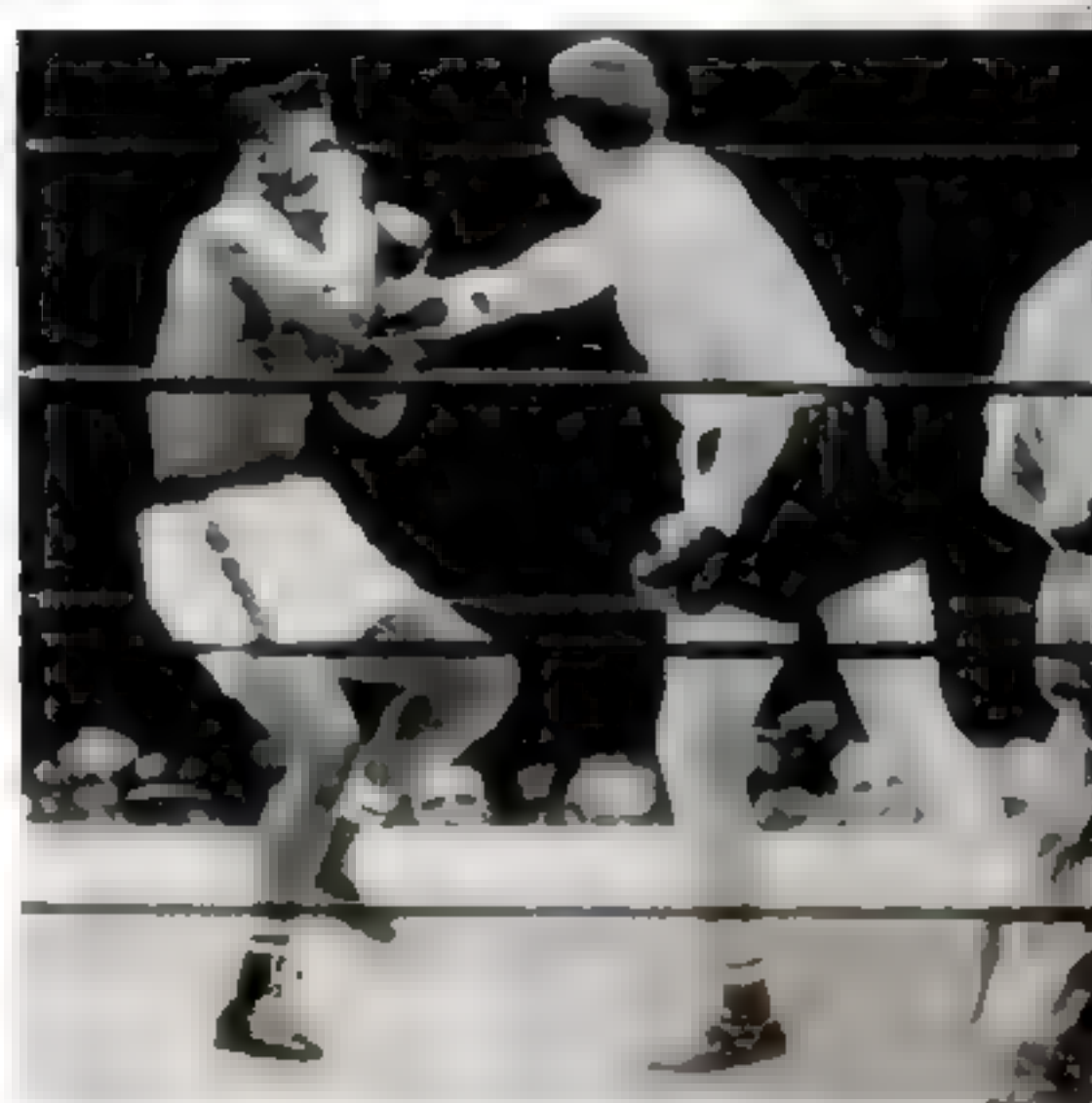
Before the bell Trainer Dan Florio put his mouth close to Patterson's ear: "Straighten him out." Eighteen seconds later the crowd let forth a huge yell. Patterson went down. He got up, then went down again. Over and over it happened and over and over came D'Amato's frantic scream: "Hands up! Hands up! Hands up!" Then it was all over. The new champion was mobbed and over in his corner Patterson got ready to leave the ring. D'Amato had one last word: "Gimme that stool over there. All right, here we go."

SWEDISH PUNCH CONTINUED

## PERTINENT TALK FROM THE CORNERS,



**DECISIVE BLOW** of the fight, Johansson's mysterious right hand unleashed at 18 seconds of the third round, is

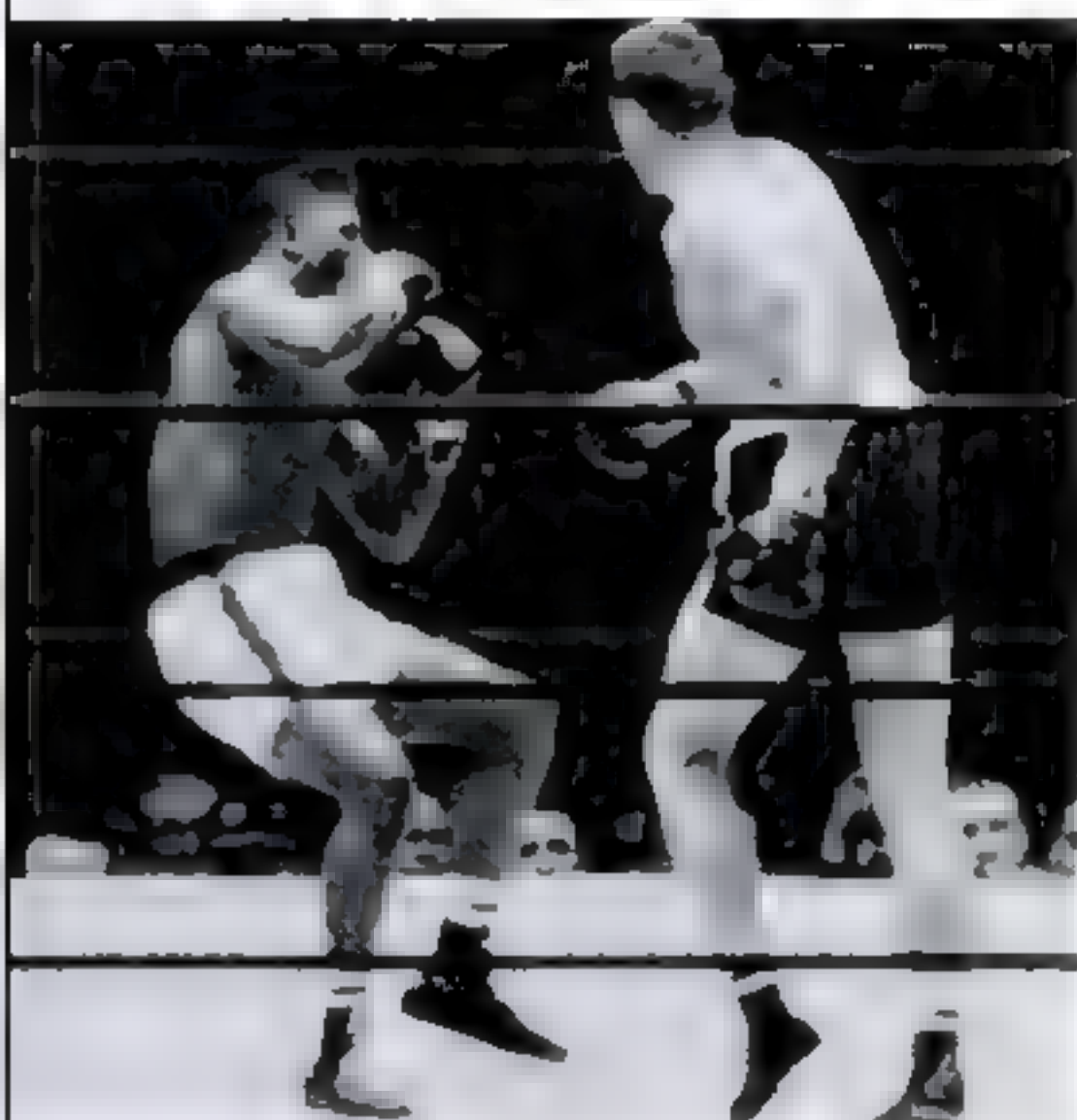


shown in a sequence of four pictures as Patterson gets hit and goes down for first time. In the next 105 seconds

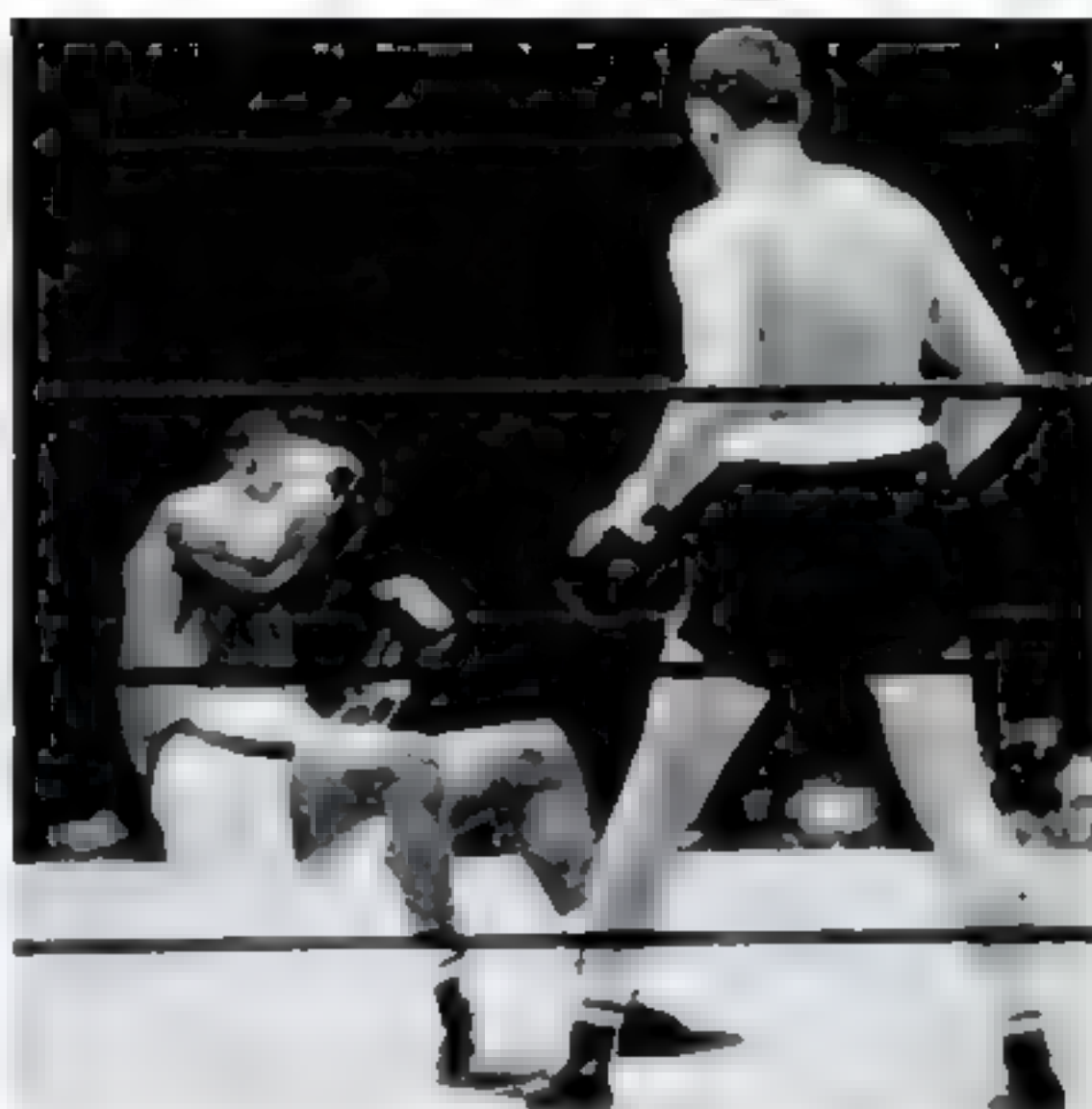




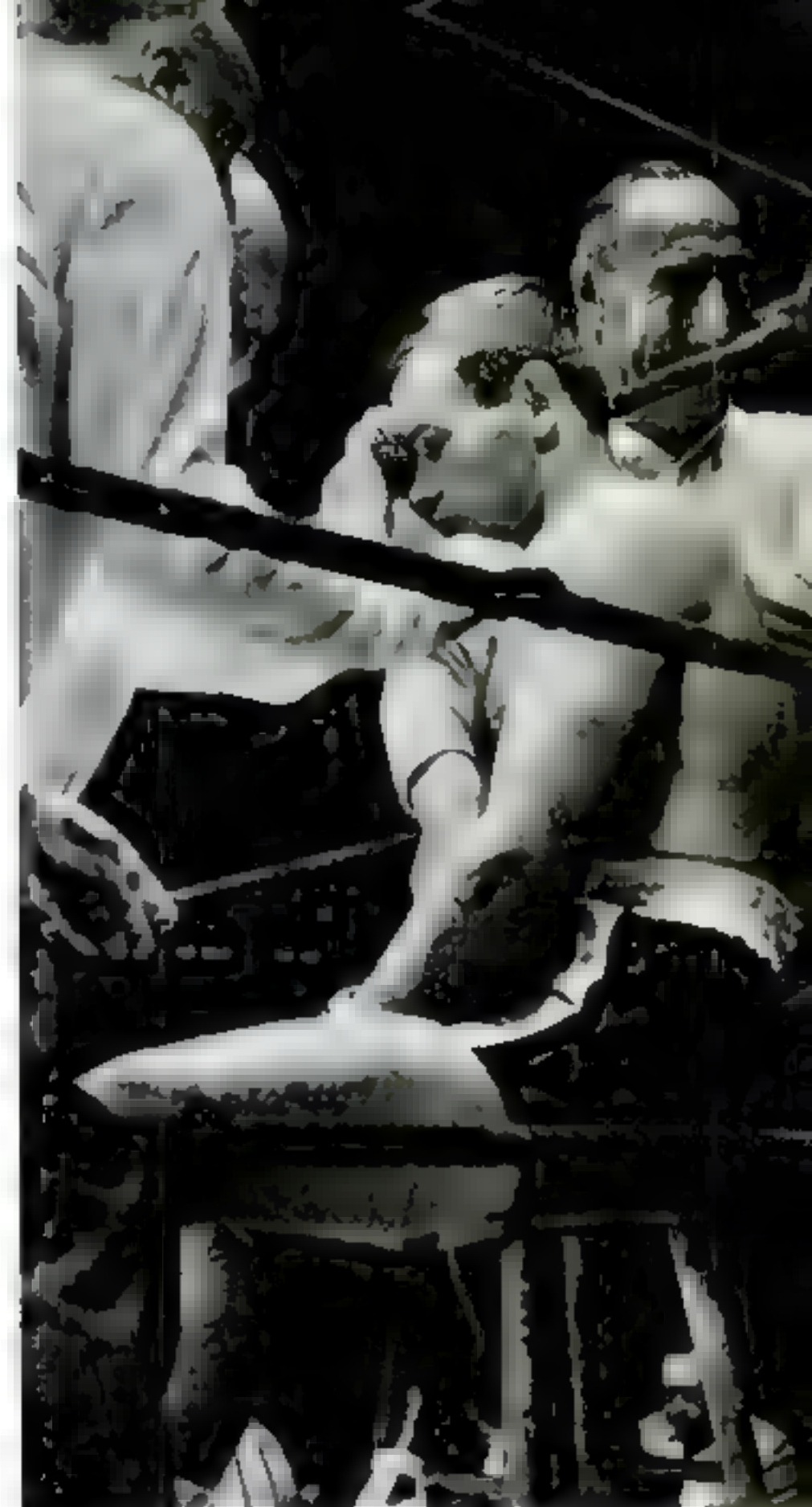
# THEN THE SUDDEN SILENCING RIGHT



Johansson flattened Patterson six times more but even though his eyes were glazed and his legs rubbery (below),



Patterson managed to get back on his feet. After the seventh knockdown Referee Ruby Goldstein finally stopped it.



**NEW CHAMP** listens to his two Swedish advisers while getting sponged off.

## TO JOHANSSON: 'USE THE RIGHT'

*LIFE's tape in Johansson's corner recorded advice from Trainer Nils Blomberg, Adviser Edwin Ahlquist.*

### ROUND ONE

*First it was Blomberg who called advice: "Faster with your left, the left, the left, Ingemar. Use both hands, fast, left, left, left . . . hit against the body, use both hands." Then Ahlquist: "Left, left. Higher up! Left, right, left."*

### ROUND TWO

*Johansson returned to his corner. Ahlquist: "Sit down, you got a good right there. You hit him with a good right." Johansson spoke: "How does it look?" Ahlquist said, "Fantastic! Keep your hands up and jab with the left. Then try to hit him with the right." The bell sounded. Blomberg shouted: "Use both arms. . . ."*

### ROUND THREE

*Ahlquist leaned over Johansson and said: "You're very good, you're very good. Again you hit him very good with the right. After you jab him with the left, try a right uppercut. How do you feel?" Johansson said: "I feel good." Then the bell sounded again. A few seconds later Patterson was on the canvas. Between the knock-downs Ahlquist kept yelling: "The right, the right, use the right." And then the fight was over. A fan shouted: "Wonderful Ingemar. I am so happy today."*



SWEDISH PUNCH CONTINUED

## CHAMP'S FAMILY



**HEFTY HUG** by hand!er. Writer Binstein smotheres Ingemar after referee stopped fight. Exuberant

champion, in a rare display, has neglected to remove his mouthpiece before flashing victory smile.



**EXCITED PARENTS** stand up shouting as Ingemar fights. Mr. Johansson, a laborer in

Gothenberg, Sweden, is son's part-time manager. Mother did the cooking at Ingemar's training camp.



**BROTHERLY ROAR** erupts from Rolf after Ingemar wins. With Rolf is fan of Acta Jonsson.





# EXPLODING WITH JOY AT THE MOMENT OF VICTORY



**A GREAT NIGHT FOR SWEDEN:** Anette Johansson (no relation) is transfixed with joy as Johansson

wins. Other Swedes, who organized cheers between rounds, tried to stampede into ring to acclaim their

countryman. Ingemar's British trainer accepted his victory calmly, saying simply, "It was the best

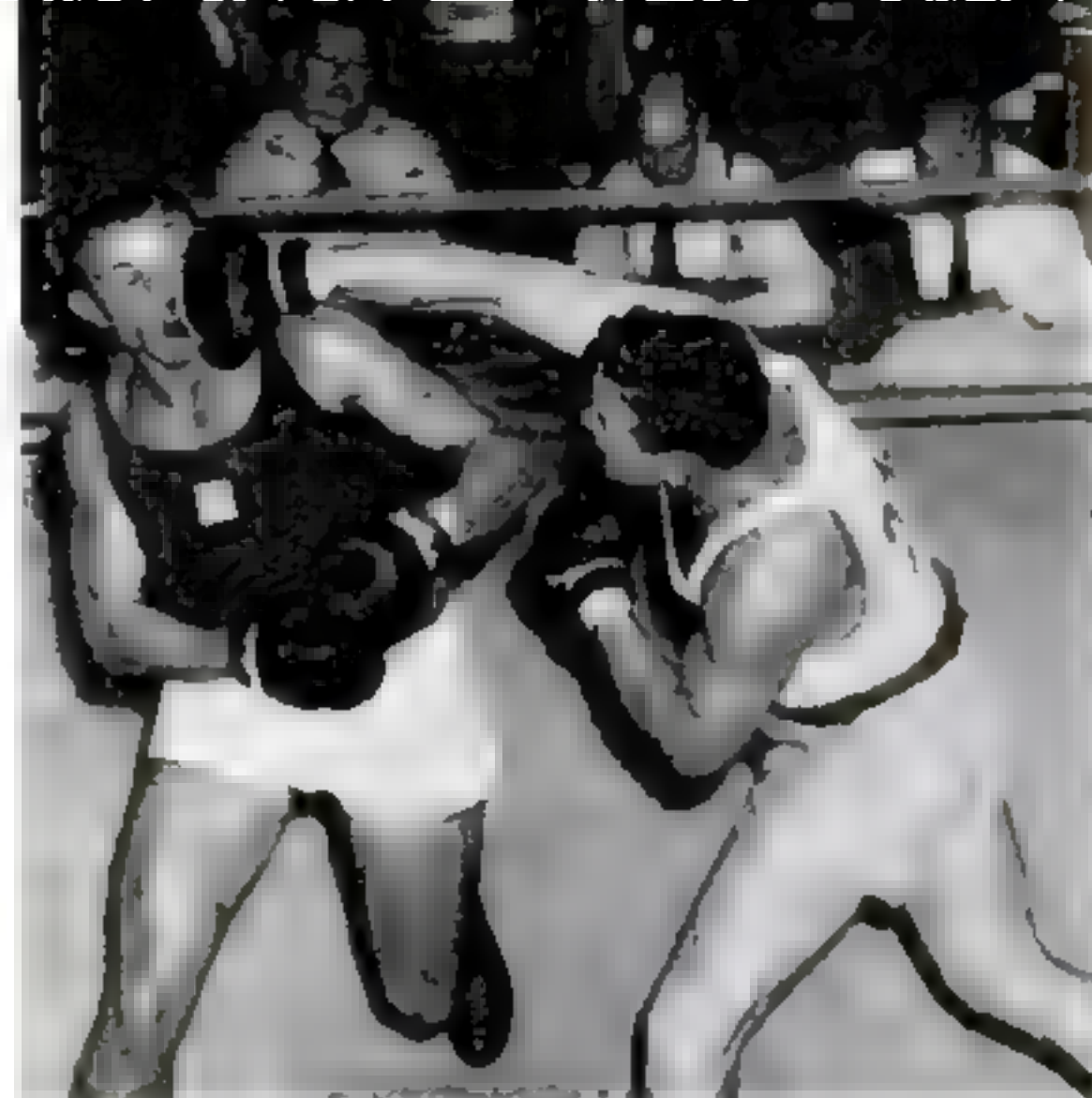




**JOHANSSON SCRAPBOOK** follows Ingemar from ride to ring. At left he sits on the back end of a horse with three of his boyhood friends. Grown up and with



his compulsory naval training (center) behind him, Johansson displays his already impressive right during an elimination bout at 1952 Olympics in Helsinki.



## A RUGGED BOYHOOD, A TENDER HUG FROM MOM

As a boy in Sweden, Ingemar Johansson once killed a bird with a stone. This has haunted his conscience ever since. "As soon as I threw the stone, I wished I could bring it back," he says. "I had hurt something and it almost made me sick." Obviously Johansson is no ordinary pug.

Quick to smile, quiet, always a gentleman, he was born in Gothenburg in 1932. He left school at 15 to work on a road gang and learn boxing at a local club. At 17 he was Sweden's amateur heavyweight champion. Like Patterson, then a middleweight, he was in the 1952 Olympics. That almost finished him. He was disqualified in the finals for not trying. Sweden's official Olympic book summed up the situation: "Johansson set a new world record

in backward jumping in a foursquare ring."

For six months Johansson went into hiding, then made up his mind to stick with boxing. He turned professional and from then on he began knocking out Europe's best. America's Rocky Marciano was then champion; Ingemar studied his movies. He learned how to attack, using his beak-busting right with devastating effect. Six years later he was champion of Europe, undefeated in 21 fights, the owner of a Thunderbird and a contracting business. In the sad state of U.S. boxing he was the logical man to challenge Patterson.

But the American press refused to take him seriously. Customarily boxers training for a fight lead a monastic existence. But Ingemar

trained in a plush home in the Catskills. He swam, golfed and enjoyed some late night dancing. He talked about his right hand but refused to give free demonstrations. "I do it my own way," he kept saying. "Why hurt a sparring partner, it do me no good? He have to get up or be picked up. I lose minutes in training. So I keep my right for Patterson." And he did.

As champion, Ingemar had troubles more complicated than beating Patterson. His purse was tied up by a legal action, and back home his contracting business was losing money. But in victory nothing could faze the elation of Ingemar who, embracing his proud mother (*opposite*), looked every inch a champion who intended to stay champion for quite a while.



← **INGEMAR'S TRAINING** included a deep-sea fishing trip with fiancée Birgit off the New Jersey shore.

**RING-AROUND-A-ROSIE** was danced by Ingemar (top right) and friends at camp a week before fight.









AT MONTREAL CEREMONY WHERE THEY DEDICATED THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY, QUEEN ELIZABETH AND PRESIDENT EISENHOWER EXCHANGE CONGRATULATIONS

# QUEEN'S STORYBOOK TOUR OF CANADA

Two heads of state dedicate St. Lawrence Seaway

Photographed for LIFE by ALFRED EISENSTAEDT and RALPH MORSE

**I**N a "once upon a time" atmosphere and amid storybook settings, events of far-reaching modern importance took place. Framed by floral decorations, radiant Queen Elizabeth II and a courtly President Eisenhower together dedicated the monumental 2,300-mile St. Lawrence Seaway, which would make even stronger the fraternal ties between the British Commonwealth and the U.S. The ceremony was a high point of the queen's 45-day visit to Canada, from a romantic little village in the Gaspé Peninsula (opposite page) to the wilds of the Canadian northwest, in which she was drawing the subjects of her gigantic dominion closer to her gentle personality and to the historic crown she holds.

As Elizabeth and Prince Philip came by jet to Newfoundland, where there had been a gloomy

spell of rain and fog, the sun broke out brilliantly, and the happy Newfoundlanders exclaimed, "It's Queen's weather." In the sumptuous royal yacht *Britannia*, which had been brought across the Atlantic, Elizabeth and Philip sailed on to the city of Quebec. They stopped for a display of military pageantry on the legendary Plains of Abraham (named for a Scot, Abraham Martin, who had settled in Canada in the service of the French), where Wolfe defeated Montcalm and won Quebec for Britain. Elizabeth endeared herself to the French Canadians by speaking their language almost impeccably and by showing especial affection for the children that lined her route. Everywhere Canadian children were the most eager to see the queen and they infected the adult crowds with their delight at the royal sight.



← **IN THE SEAWAY** the royal yacht *Britannia* goes through first lock, St. Lambert outside Montreal.

**LIKE A TOY TOWN**, Gaspé, Quebec waits expectantly as the beflagged royal barge nears town wharf. →









**HONOR GUARD** from famous Van Doos regiment in full regalia of red coats and bearskins, greets queen as she docks in Quebec after trip up St. Lawrence

**INDIAN MAIDS** of Montagnais tribe stand at rope barrier waving as they wait for queen to drive through remote Schefferville near Quebec. Lal racor to port →









POMP AND PARADE FILL PLAINS OF ABRAHAM IN QUEBEC AS VAN DOOS REGIMENT MARCHES PAST QUEEN DURING CEREMONY IN WHICH SHE PRESENTS



**QUEEN AND COMMANDER**, Major General Georges P. Vanier, review his regiment at start of ceremony. The oldest French-speaking outfit in Canadian army, the Van Doos distinguished itself in Korea and in both world wars.



**CONSECRATION OF COLORS** ends as queen comes out on the field for actual presentation. Priests who conducted the blessing of new flags are grouped in background beyond the queen.

**PRESENTATION OF COLORS** is made by the queen as she hands new banner from kneeling to standing officer. The Union Jack is Queen's Colors, the blue standard is Regimental Colors





REGIMENT WITH NEW COLORS QUEEN, IN YELLOW COAT, STANDS AT DAIS IN LEFT BACKGROUND. MEN IN RED ARE BANDSMEN. OTHERS WEAR PARADE UNIFORMS



**PRINCELY SALUTE** is given by Philip during parading of colors. Philip wears uniform adorned with RAF wings and decorations including star-shaped Order of the Garter and, hanging from collar, medal of rank in Order of the Empire.

CONTINUED





**FLAG-BEARING SCHOOL GIRLS** waiting with expectancy and awe line route in French-speaking Quebec as queen drives through town of Sept-Îles on north

shore of the St. Lawrence. Behind girls stand their parish school teachers. Flags are British Union Jack, Canadian flag, and Quebec banner carrying fleur-de-lis.





**LITTLE GIRL'S BIG MOMENT** at Ste. Justine hospital in Montreal finds patient Diane Lefebvre, 8, presenting Elizabeth with roses after making a welcoming

speech. The queen spent a good part of the day with children, visiting another children's hospital and attending a Montreal stadium rally for 15,000 youngsters.





ARRIVING IN MOSCOW SOL HUOK GREETS BALLERINA ULANOVA WITH A KISS

## MOSCOW MISSIONS FOR GUVS AND GALS

Russia was suddenly being overrun by tourists and among the bumper crop of foreign visitors was a noticeable number of VIPs. Returning the visit to the U.S. of the Bolshoi Ballet which he had arranged, U.S. Impresario Sol Hurok arrived in Moscow to bring back some new acts. Former Governor Averell Harriman, who was wartime U.S. ambassador to the U.S.S.R., went almost everywhere and got warm welcomes. And nine present governors of U.S. states came in a group to study local government in the Soviet Union. Florida's Governor LeRoy Collins also hoped to get in some fishing. "I would like to see," he said, "if the fish in Russia will strike at an old capitalist plug."

For the Russians the biggest attraction was a team of 12 shapely Dior models from Paris who flew in to show off a million and a half dollars' worth of shapely fashions. Russian women, who are more used to the baggy babushka look, were enchanted. "I've never seen anything so beautiful in my life," they kept saying. Encouraged by this reaction, Dior hoped to license fancy fashions for manufacture and sale inside Russia.



TOURIST HARRIMAN, already bedecked with flowers by his hosts, gets a kerchief placed around his neck by Russian boy during visit he made to Siberia



SQUAD OF GOVERNORS from U.S. in Red Square includes (from left) C. C. Underwood (W. Va.), George Clyde (Utah), Robert Smylie (Idaho), John Davis







(N. Dak.) Robert Meyer (N.J.) William Stratton (I.V.) Jeffery Collins (Fla.)  
Stephen M. Nichols (Ga.) Luther Hedges (N.C.) At right's wall of Kremlin

**PARADE OF MODELS** from Paris takes place in Red Square before towers of St.  
Basil's Cathedral. During their six-day stay crowds jammed every Russian show.





# FOURTH OF JULY AND THE CROWN

## PATRIOTS, NOT UTOPIANS OR NATIONALISTS, WILL MAKE DEMOCRACY UNIVERSAL

The queen on our border this week is a direct descendant of that "Royal Brute of Great Britain," as Tom Paine called him, who was the villain of our Declaration of Independence. Yet even in Chicago, the welcome mat is out and July 4, 1776 seems very far away. It shouldn't be. That same Tom Paine, who wrote the book that precipitated our rupture with the Crown, also said this, "The independence of America, considered merely as a separation from England, would have been a matter of but little importance, had it not been accompanied by a revolution in the principles and practices of government. She made a stand, not for herself only, but for the world."

That "stand for the world" was a wager. Our forefathers bet their lives that free and democratic self-government could be made to work. It has worked—not only here but elsewhere, most notably in the homeland and senior dominions of our guest the queen. Since World War II, while Russian Communism has extended its new tyranny over some 100 million unwilling people, Britain has liberated at least 500 million to the great voluntary experiment of self-government. Queen and President, meeting last week on the *St. Lawrence* (pp. 24-31), were twin symbols of the kind of government toward which practically the whole human race now stumbles or aspires.

Then why doesn't it work everywhere? Why hasn't the American example been universally copied in these 183 years? In Russia democracy lasted just seven and one half months (March–November 1917); in Germany it begot the Nazis; in Italy Fascism; in Japan militarism; in Latin America it alternates with dictatorship; in South Africa it denies suffrage to 80% of the people. Ghana, only two years ago a "showpiece of colonial evolution," is becoming a one-party state, as is South Korea, where President Rhee has been sending his opponents to the hospital from the assembly floor.

Well, such failures are nothing new. The long history of Britain, and even our own, contains pages almost as dark and troubled as those now being written. Pessimists about democracy, like pessimists about human nature, have never lacked evidence for their gloom. But it was precisely by salting their hopes for free government with this same pessimism that Madison & Co. could write a constitution that worked.

Ours is different from the British. Ours is written; theirs is not. Theirs evolved through centuries of almost tribal island experience; ours was struck off in a few months by a few men of genius. But if, as Paine said, "America need never be ashamed to tell her birth," then a good part of the tale is an Anglo-American tale. It starts with the colonial experience of free self-government which we had enjoyed under the British crown. The original motive of our revolution was not to win new rights but to preserve those we had shared with all Englishmen since the British Bill of Rights of 1689. Nor did all the excitements of the revolution distract our founders' eye from the very practical English means by which these rights could be secured.

As Dean Acheson points out in the current *Yale Review*, some 77 nations today (including most Communist nations) have admirable bills of rights written into their basic law. But unlike most of these dead letters, or the French Revolution's Rights of Man, or the U.N.'s utopian Declaration of Human Rights, the English Bill of Rights was not a work of rhetoric but a series of very precise restraints upon the king; and our own Constitution and Bill of Rights took good care to be equally precise, negative and practical. The genius of both constitutions is the same: the principle of limitation, framed in a system of law.

Thus the American Revolution, conducted by men who were "born free," was neither a utopian nor even much of a social

revolution. Its makers were, in Clinton Rossiter's phrase, "the world's most conservative radicals, the world's most sober revolutionists." They had one overriding object: personal liberty. They were even able to define liberty: "the right every man in the state has, to do whatever is not prohibited by laws, TO WHICH HE HAS GIVEN HIS CONSENT." (Theophilus Parsons of Massachusetts.)

The Declaration of Independence, however, went further. It asserted this right not only for English and colonials but for all human beings whatsoever. And in so doing it introduced into political history the corollary of liberty, namely human equality, which had previously been a mere figment of speculative or religious minds. Thus was modern democracy born. Although it later spread to Britain, it was from the start the obvious and natural form of our government.

To work, democracy requires a great reciprocal act of faith. It requires, first, that all would-be governors must base their sole claim to authority on the will of the people to be governed. The people, as Washington said, are "the purest source and original fountain of all power." In return, the governed citizen must acknowledge the authority of a majority, even if he does not belong to it, on all subjects where authority is legal and needed.

Some democracies have failed through jealously granting their governments too little authority (e.g., France's Fourth Republic); others (e.g., Weimar) through foolishly granting it too much. The true balance is as difficult as in other great arts and there is nothing automatic about it. But there are at least two other characteristics of successful self-government (neither of them Anglo-Saxon monopolies) on which most of our Founding Fathers insisted to support their great wager.

► Democracy needs an educated and virtuous electorate. Factions of "passion and interest," the curse of democratic politics, were expected to control and offset each other through Madison's ingenious diffusion-of-power techniques; but a *national* majority could always form, and should only form, around programs both rational and moral. Hence the Founders' deep belief not only in education but in the religious ground and sanction of social behavior.

► As long as this religious ground is believed in, no nation can be the ultimate source and judge of its own powers and policies. The idea of absolute nationalism, which has corrupted so many democracies, was alien to the founders of America. They were patriots but not nationalists. According to Rossiter, they even "had no theory of the state in the modern sense," and by their insistence on keeping government and politics in their limited place, "they actually converted 'sovereignty' into a virtually meaningless term." Since concepts of national sovereignty are an obsolete and dangerous nuisance over so much of the modern world, this aspect of American political theory is more relevant to the future of democracy than ever.

British political skill, having outgrown George III's parochialism, has developed a great commonwealth on little or no explicit theory beyond "international togetherness." American political theory, the most timeless ever made explicit, can support an ever-widening extension of democracy as long as it is studied and believed in—a combination which has obviously great potential. The obstacles (even discounting the Communist obstacle) remain formidable, but the democratic goal remains the best political goal man has had. And Americans should scarcely be surprised to find themselves in the dangerous and complex front lines of the global struggle for free self-government. For our founders made their wager on the basis that, as Paine said, "the cause of America is in great measure the cause of all mankind."



"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



*Het Wapen Van Amsterdam in Holland where chicken is a soul-satisfying dish.*



*Syo Smaa Hjem in Copenhagen featuring the best of Danish cookery.*



*La Grand Vefour in Paris, a favorite of serious gastronomes*

## *Campbell Flavor Scouts sample their way through Europe*

*We travel the world in search of ways  
to improve Campbell Quality*

Dining at the world's finest eating places may not sound like work to you. But it's all part of the job to the men we call Campbell's Flavor Scouts.

These men have traveled more than 40,000 miles and have cut a delicious path through 10 European countries in the last two years alone. To say nothing of the sampling they have done throughout North America.

As they travel and as they sample they learn an appreciation of the art of cooking in many countries. They examine and compare unusual blendings of flavors. They're stimulated and inspired by ideas for new products and by ways to add new flavor to old favorites.

While many folks will agree that Campbell chefs are already experts in preparing delicious things, they are everlastingly trying to improve what already tastes good. In all this our Flavor Scouts are a big help, indeed. The work they do is one more little example of how far afield we go to always bring you the best.

M M M GOOD!







# LET'S EAT

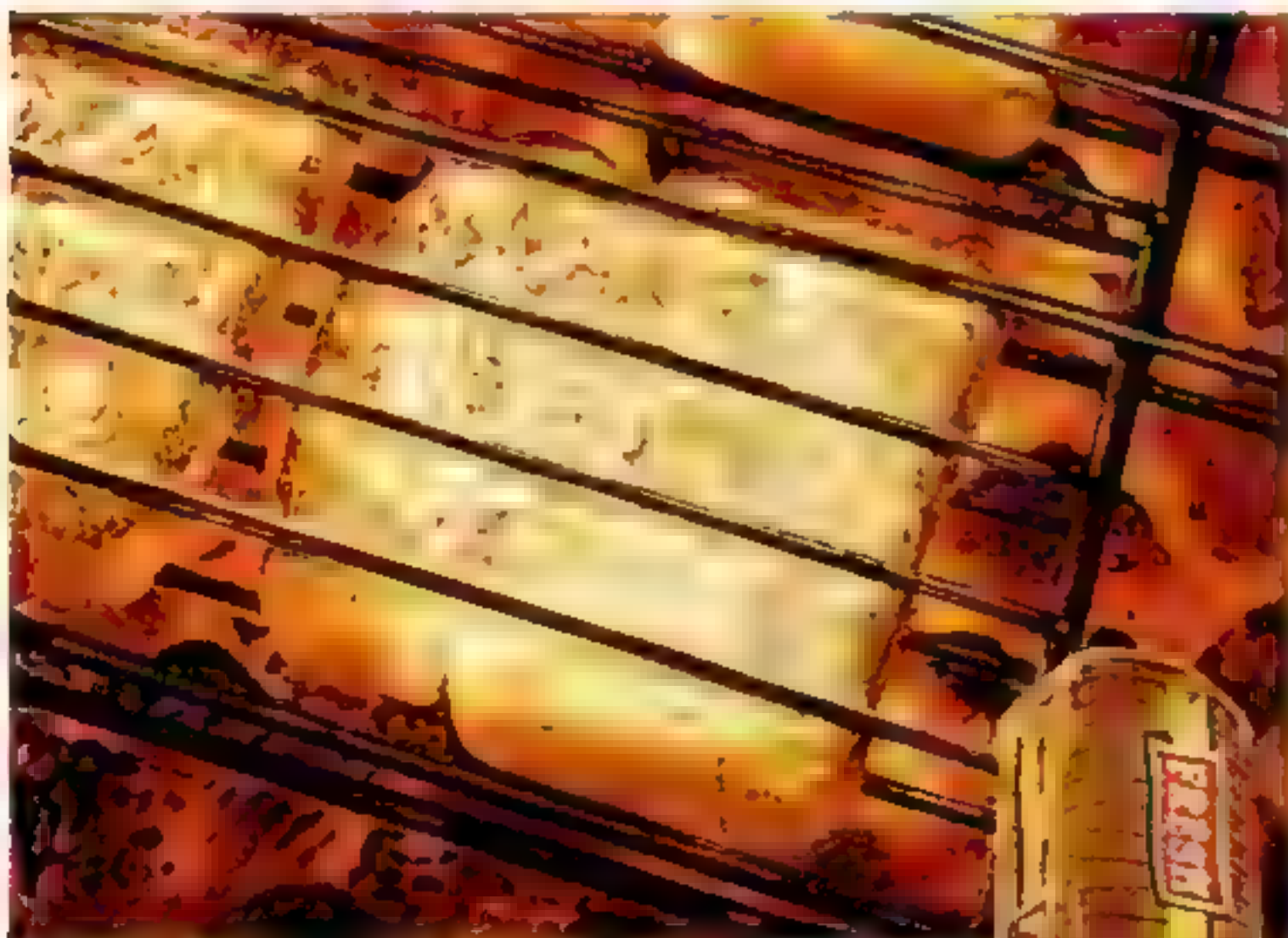
*Here are eight easy-to-make everything you need in one fast trip*



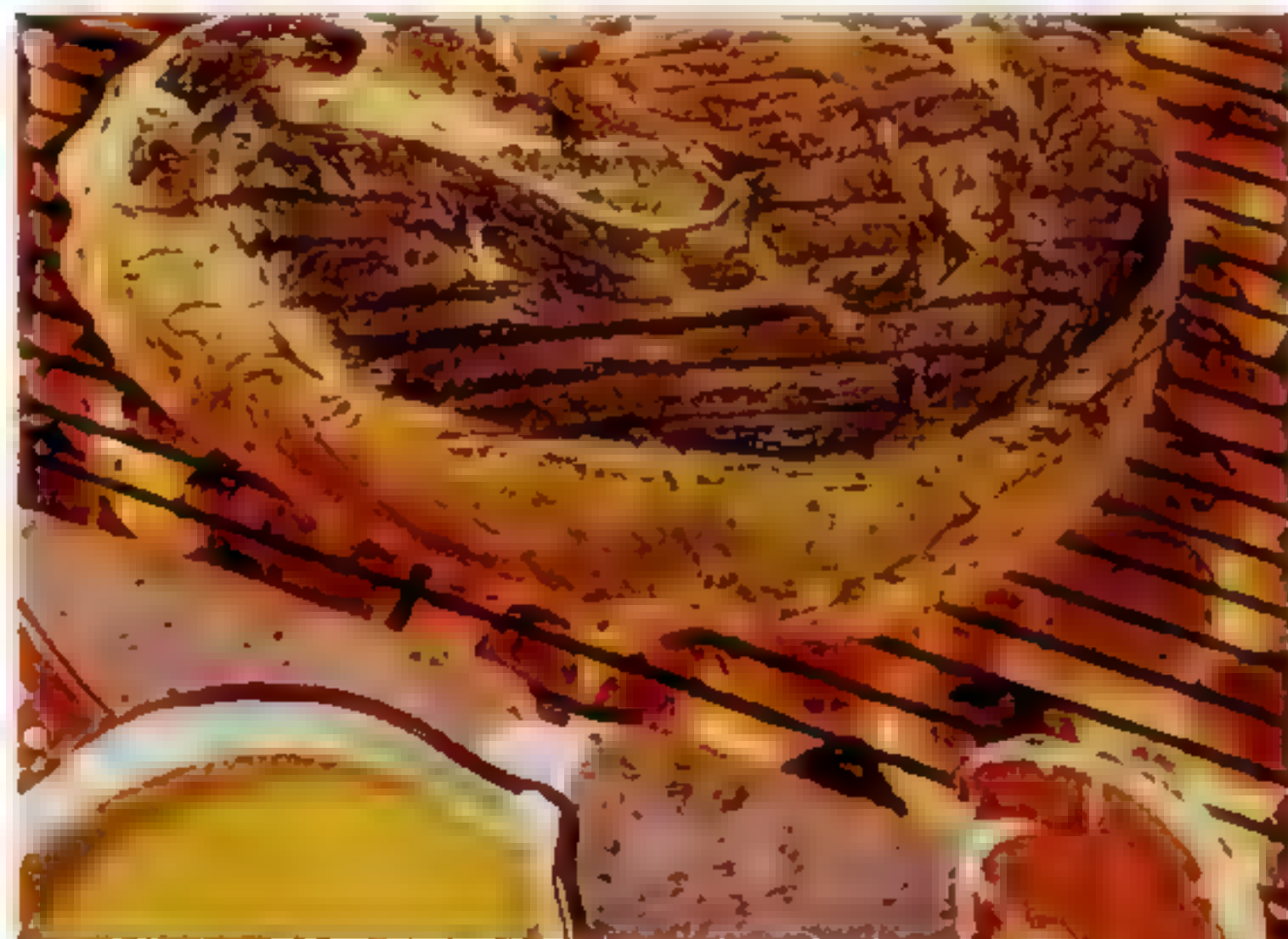
**CHIPS 'N CHEESE BOMBAY.** Blend a 6-oz. package cream cheese and chives. 3 tbsp. milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. curry powder, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce. Serve as a dip surrounded with rounds of crisp, nutritious potato chips. Makes an excellent dip for pretzels and other snacks, too! When you buy chips and snacks packaged in crystal-clear cellophane, you know they're clean, crisp and crackling fresh.



**COLD 'N CRISP SALAD.** Toss salad greens, strips of bologna or ham, squares of sharp cheese, toasted garlic croutons with your favorite dressing. Decorate with tomato wedges and olives. (Pre-packaged cole slaw is quick and good, too.) At your self-service market you'll find many fruits and vegetables packaged in cellophane. They're crisp, fresh, clean... and they save you lots of time.



**QUICK GARLIC BREAD.** Mash 2 cloves of garlic in  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of soft butter. Grill bread on one side and spread butter on toasted side. Grill butter side up, till golden. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Try cheese sandwiches charcoal-grilled, too! Buy "on-en-fresh" bread packaged in cellophane. It looks good... tastes good. And it's so good for you!



**STEAK HAWAIIAN.** Mix 2 cups pineapple juice, 1 tbsp. dry mustard, 2 cloves minced garlic,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chili sauce. Marinate a 2- to 4-pound sirloin steak in mixture for 3 hours. Drain meat; then grill. (This recipe goes well with many other favorite cuts of meat, too.) When you buy meat in cellophane, you know it's clean and fresh.

Buy your favorite cook-out foods in cellophane

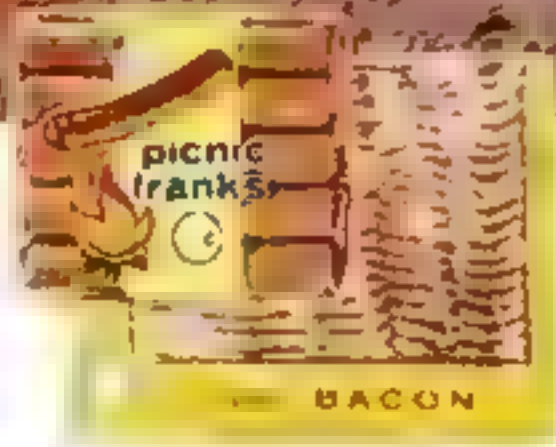


# OUTDOORS!

*cook-out ideas—and you can get through your favorite self-service market*



**DOGS IN TOGS.** Wrap frankfurters in bacon. (Fasten with toothpicks.) Grill till franks sizzle, remove toothpicks and pop into hot rolls. (Tasty hors d'oeuvre idea—grill quartered franks and bacon—serve on toothpicks.) Franks and bacon are at their full-flavored best when you buy them in clean, clear cellophane.



**GOURMET CHEESE ROLLS.** Combine 1 cup shredded sharp cheese,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of mayonnaise, 2 tbsp. drained pickle relish, 1 tbsp. chopped pimento, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce. Spread mixture on fresh hamburger rolls and grill golden brown. Better buy plenty of rolls so you won't run short. Any leftovers will stay fresh in their cellophane packages.



**QUICK COOKIE SHORTCAKE.** Spread whipped cream over a crisp vanilla cookie. Repeat, alternating layers of cookies and whipped cream. Then top everything off with a bright red cherry. (Be sure to try this luscious dessert treat with all your other favorite cookies, too.) For dessert, or any other time, cookies are at their delicious best in sparkling cellophane.



**DON'T FORGET CANDY.** At an outing, delicious candy is tops for quick energy and just plain good eatin'. (A sure hit . . . lollipop prizes for the children's games.) And when you buy candy in cellophane, you know it's clean and fresh—and you can SEE to choose just the kind you want.



*... the package that lets you see what you buy*

**DUPONT**  
cellophane



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



# Frosty cool



# Gilbey's Gin

*"The world agrees on 'GILBEY'S, please!'"*

The International Gin distilled and bottled in the United States, United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, South Africa, France, Italy, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Cyprus, Germany, Spain, Yugoslavia. GILBEY'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 90 PROOF 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. W & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINCINNATI, OHIO. DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.



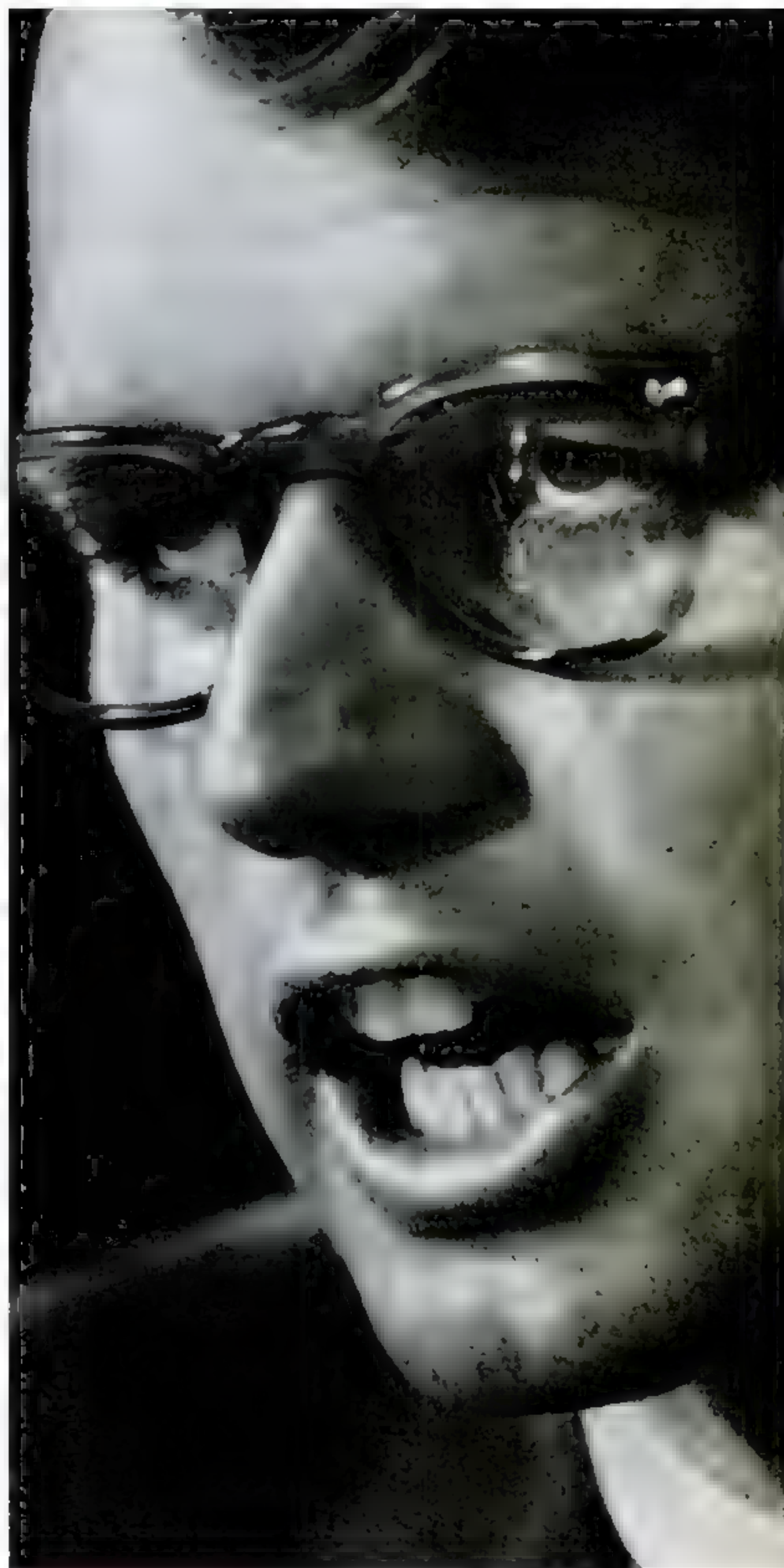


# A LOOK AT THE WORLD'S WEEK



## TESTY JIMMY HOFFA SNAPS . . .

With outbursts like "I am not here to be ridiculed," Jimmy Hoffa snapped like a terrier at the start of the last round of Teamster hearings by the McClellan committee, which was determined to get more solidly damaging facts on record against the Teamster boss. Jimmy's testy flare-ups punctuated three hours on the stand during which he generally showed self-confidence and contempt for his questioners.



## . . . AS BOB KENNEDY CLOSES IN ON HIM

Pressing the attack on Hoffa, McClellan committee Counsel Bob Kennedy showed that Chattanooga Teamster official Glenn Smith, who has a long criminal record, drew six months' pay in advance after being suspended and that New York Teamster Sam Goldstein is still drawing \$20,800 a year though he is in jail for bribery. Hoffa said he didn't understand the Smith case and didn't know about Goldstein.



## WORLD'S WEEK

CONTINUED



### THE SECRETARY'S TV TOUCH-UP

Back from the deadlocked talks in Geneva, Secretary of State Christian Herter submitted to a face powdering before a TV report to the nation. In his talk he called the meeting "practically fruitless" because of Russia's "annexationist designs" and "the baneful influence" of Khrushchev.



### STRICKEN SATCHMO'S QUICK RECOVERY

The world almost lost a living legend when Louis Armstrong, 47, fell at Spoleto, Italy, fell gravely ill with pneumonia complicated by a heart weakened from 15 years of trumpet playing. But now, days later, he was recovered, hugging his wife Lucille and wearing the overalls of a "Satchmo" smile.

### A BRAWL OVER A STEEL STRIKE

As the heads of the steel industry and steel union battled to a standstill in contract negotiations, fists flew in a steel brawl that was strictly labor vs. labor. At a Pittsburgh union meeting, two steelworkers got in a fight over a Jones & Laughlin wildcat strike, were fined, ejected outside.

CONTINUED



Stay fresh hour after hour after a Dial bath.

Because Dial's AT-7 removes the bacteria that cause perspiration odor like nothing else can. This is why people who like people like Dial Soap.

And it's real soap—no drying synthetic detergents in Dial.



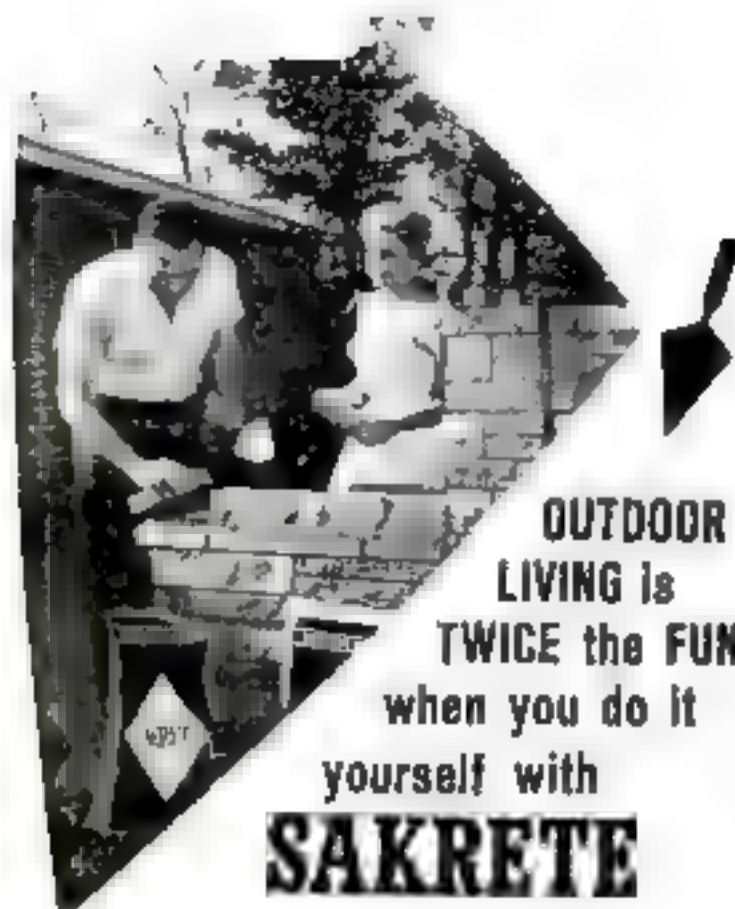
Aren't you  
glad you use  
Dial Soap!



(don't you wish everybody did?)

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LIVING is  
TWICE the FUN  
when you do it  
yourself with  
SAKRETE**

Picture your own backyard with an attractive patio, an outdoor grill, a handsomely-rugged planter. You'll be so proud of the "professional look" to these and many other permanent improvements to your home when you make them yourself . . . easily and economically . . . with SAKRETE! With SAKRETE Ready-To-Use Cement Mixes, you just add water according to directions on the bag . . . then follow the easy steps in the SAKRETE booklet for your favorite project. *Anyone* can build, patch or repair with SAKRETE!

**FREE!** From your lumber, building material or hardware dealer . . . 32-page booklet with step-by-step illustrated directions for six popular home projects.



there's no substitute for  
**SAKRETE**  
CEMENT MIXES

IN THE BAG WITH THE YELLOW DIAMOND D-1499

IT'S A  
*Sleeping  
Beauty*

Look for  
**FOSTER Ideal**  
CONVERTIBLE FIXTURES  
when you buy  
America's finest  
sofa sleepers

FOSTER BROS. ST. LOUIS 19, MO.

## Away Go Corns

1. Super-fast relief
2. Quickly removes corns
3. Prevents corns, sore toes

This wonderful 3-way action of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads makes it needless for you ever to suffer from corns. Be foot-happy—get a box today!

**Dr. Scholl's  
Zino-pads**



## CRACK IN BOWL?



No muss — no fuss with easy-to-use Plastic Wood. Resists grease and water.

For surest results always use GENUINE

**PLASTIC WOOD**  
Handles like putty—hardens into wood!



## RETURN OF A TRAITOR TO HIS CHOSEN SIDE

Thin and pale after nine years in jail, Klaus Fuchs stood a free man—but an outcast—in the Polish plane that would carry him from England. He had been convicted of passing atomic bomb secrets to

Russia. The brilliant German-born scientist flew to East Germany where he has been granted citizenship. He could not be held in England, but authorities hope he is now too far behind in his field to help the Reds.



## THE LUCKY FINDER OF A ONE-CARROT RING

In Oakland, Calif. 5-year-old Yvonne Isakson went harvesting in her grandparents' garden and pulled up a fantastic crop—a one-carrot diamond ring. The carrot had grown through the ring like a huge finger. The

diamond, appraised at \$100, will be kept for Yvonne. Where the ring came from was unknown to the grandparents but it was no mystery to Yvonne. "My Good Fairy gave it to me," she confidently explained.





## It's National You'll-Get-A-Bang-Out-Of-Jell-O Week!

Who needs 76 trombones? Bright red Jell-O helps you celebrate the Fourth with a bang-up treat! And it's so easy, you won't have to miss the parade...

Just mold bright red Jell-O in a large can, or several small ones for individual firecrackers. When the Jell-O is slightly thickened, put a licorice stick or candy stick in the center and chill again until firm.

Fun? Yes! And it's downright patriotic. Jell-O, America, this week...every week!

Don't let this week go by without **JELL-O**



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HOLIDAY COMING UP:

# Aren't you glad...

And how's this for catering to an expert (that's you). This is beer at its best—for convenience and taste combined. It's in no-deposit bottles. Professional taste-testers confirm that glass bottles protect beer's flavor best. Choose party-quarts or regular size.





# she remembered beer!



Pilsner by Libbey

**ALWAYS BUY BEER IN BOTTLES  
YOU DON'T TAKE BACK**

**NO-DEPOSIT, NO-RETURN BOTTLES  
AN  PRODUCT**

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*The best to you each morning — from Kellogg's at Post's table*

**Nourishment that talks...** The fact that Rice Krispies talk back to you ("Snap! Crackle! Pop!") when you pour on the milk or cream is just a happy accident that makes breakfast a little lighter, gayer. Important thing is that these tender, toasted morsels are up to their ears in the old-fashioned nourishment of whole grain rice everybody thrives on.

*"They snap with energy,  
Crackle with fun,  
Pop up the muscles  
For everyone!"*



**Kellogg's**

**RICE KRISPIES**

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**HER HUBBY  
THROWS.  
UP SHE GOES**

**TURN THE PAGE**







Gordon's Gin comes to you with the best of references . . . Traditional drink recipe books name Gordon's as the original base of many of the world's classic gin drinks. For over 189 years, Gordon's has been recognized as the gin essential to any authentically fine gin creation. Gordon's Gin—first distilled in 1769 according to Gordon's Original English Recipe—is still traditionally distilled for perfect flavor. *There's no Gin like* **GORDON'S GIN**

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • 50 PROOF • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LONDON, W. 1.



AFTER A FAST 30-FOOT RUN TO GET UP HER FLYING SPEED, LIUDMILLA

## BOLSHOI'S HIT ACT

When a ballerina in birdlike flight has to rely on the strong arms of a partner to catch her before she crash-lands on the floor, the working arrangement between the two should be as warm and friendly as possible. Lovely Liudmilla Bogomolova, flung high in her *Spring Waters* (preceding page) and leaping to the wind-up moment of *Waltz* (above), can count on her catcher since he is both her partner and her husband—Stanislov Vlasov.

The two are among the few members of the Bolshoi Ballet who are staying over in the U.S. while their company returns to Russia. As





BOGOMOLOVA SOARS INTO ARMS OF HER HUSBAND, STANISLOV VLASOV

## STAYS OVER IN U.S.

a part of the vaudeville, folk dance and ballet program (*next page*) which will accompany the Soviet Exposition opening in New York this week, the dancers will do the airborne scenes which were performed on the recent U.S. tour by another Bolshoi husband and wife pair, Bogomolova and Vlasov, who here dance their acts for Philippe Halsman's color photographs, first met at the Bolshoi school in Moscow 14 years ago. He was already a comparative veteran of four years' training. She was a newcomer at 13, taken for ballet training because she had showed exceptional skill in high school as a ballroom dancer.

CONTINUED

Gordon's Vodka  
never overshadows  
your favorite flavor!

When Gordon's Vodka gets together with your favorite mixer in a drink... you taste only the mixer! That's because Gordon's Vodka is uniquely distilled to an absolutely neutral quality. Mixes so subtly with any flavor—you never know it's there! (Nor does anybody else.)

**GORDON'S  
VODKA**

40 AND 100 PROOF • 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LONDON, N. I.



# Get after Athlete's Foot **FAST!**

**BEFORE THIS—**

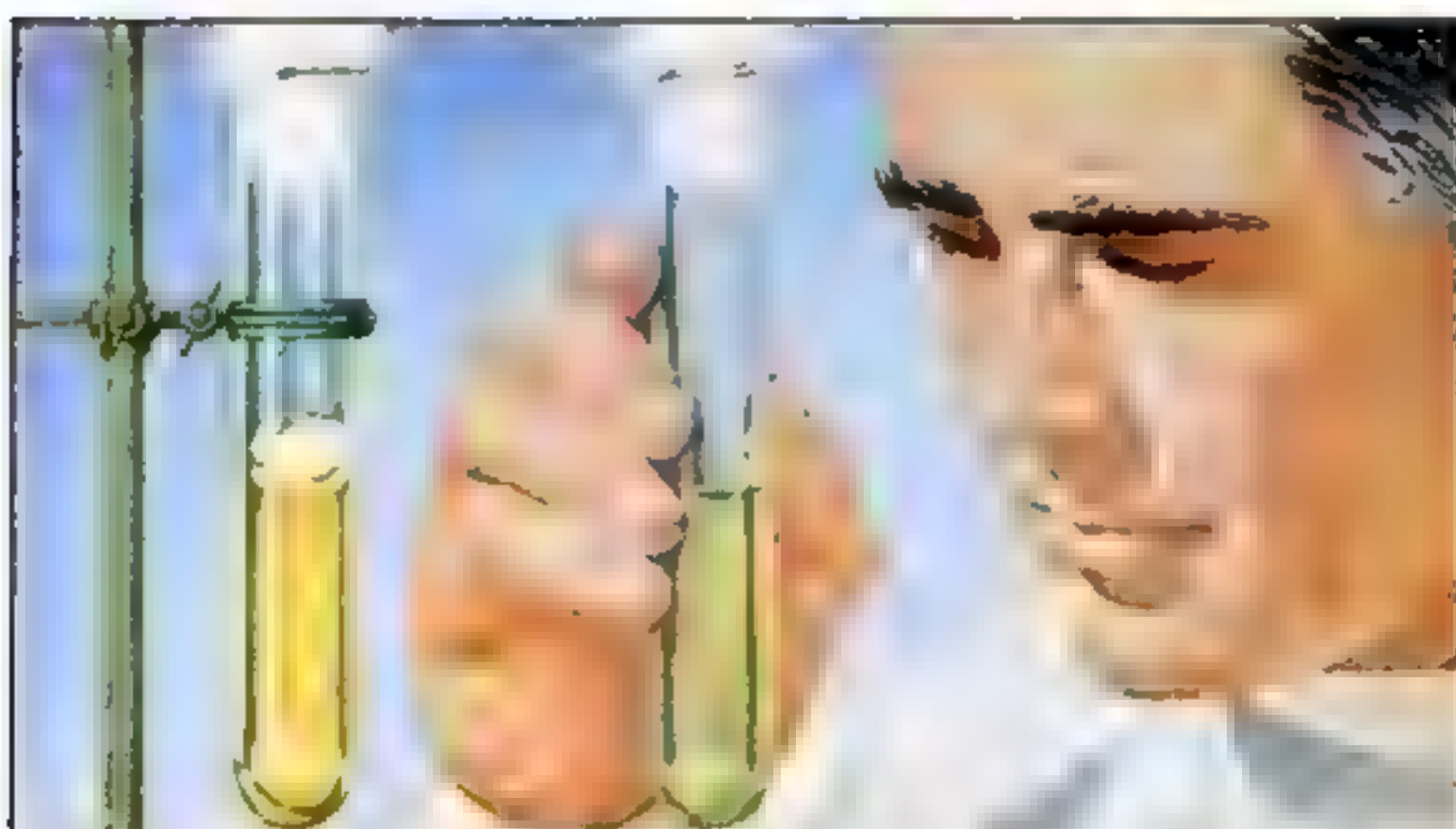


Raw, red cracks between the toes, maddening itch or peeling are the first signs you've got Athlete's Foot

**BECOMES THIS!**



Left untreated, Athlete's Foot fungi burrow, spread. In advanced stage, like ringworm, above, see your physician or podiatrist



Live Athlete's Foot fungi grow in the mold you see in the test tube, left. These fungi can lie dormant for months on the skin—flare up when it becomes moist and warm

Athlete's Foot fungi killed fast! When Absorbine Jr. was added to identical fungi, it killed all the Athlete's Foot fungi in less than 5 minutes! (See tube on the right.)

## Absorbine Jr. **KILLS 100%** of Athlete's Foot fungi in less than 5 minutes!

Famous laboratory grows millions of Athlete's Foot fungi in test tubes, and reports every single one killed by Absorbine Jr.

That tingling sensation tells you that Absorbine Jr. is busy killing *all* the fungi it reaches. Because it is a liquid, Absorbine Jr. gets into tiny cracks better than powder or salve.

Carefully controlled clinical tests on patients have proved how wonderfully effective Absorbine Jr. is. Doctors reported Absorbine Jr. brought successful relief to the great majority of sufferers. Get Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold. Also comes in familiar family and hospital-size bottles.

**New applicator ends risk  
of spreading Athlete's Foot**



**Now—treat Athlete's Foot without touching it!** Simply turn Absorbine Jr. bottle upside down, dab infected area with sponge tip. Applicator does the rest—no drip...no mess...no need to touch infected area with your hands

## Absorbine Jr.

America's No. 1 Formula for Athlete's Foot

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



BOLSHOI ACT CONTINUED

## OTHER FLYERS FOR FETE



**LEAPING GEORGIAN** Nino Ramishvili bounds across stage on an imaginary mount as he enacts rider's role in Russian folk dance about horsemen. His troupe, which will dance in New York fete, resembles Moiseyev dancers.



**KICKING MUSCOVITE**, a member of the Piatnitsky troupe of singers and dancers, sails into his specialty act as the choir chants and claps accompaniment. Group first got Soviet government support when Lenin saw it in 1918.



# Does she...or doesn't she?



## Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

She has a way of looking at things that even turns learning into a game. Seems like *his* mommy knows everything! And she's so *pretty*, too. Yet much of her fresh appeal, her wholesome good looks comes from the clear shining color of her hair, its soft, glowing tone and silky touch. For *this* she relies on Miss Clairol—but always! Just as you should too!

Hairdressers all over the world always recommend Miss Clairol, use it every time to add lasting *young* color to fading hair and to cover gray. They like the way it silkens the hair, gives it lovely body. So if time has dulled *your* hair, why hesitate? Takes only minutes. Try Miss Clairol yourself! Today. In new Creme Formula or Regular.



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quantity wheel compromise at a price you can afford. The Mercury Monterey 4-door sedan.

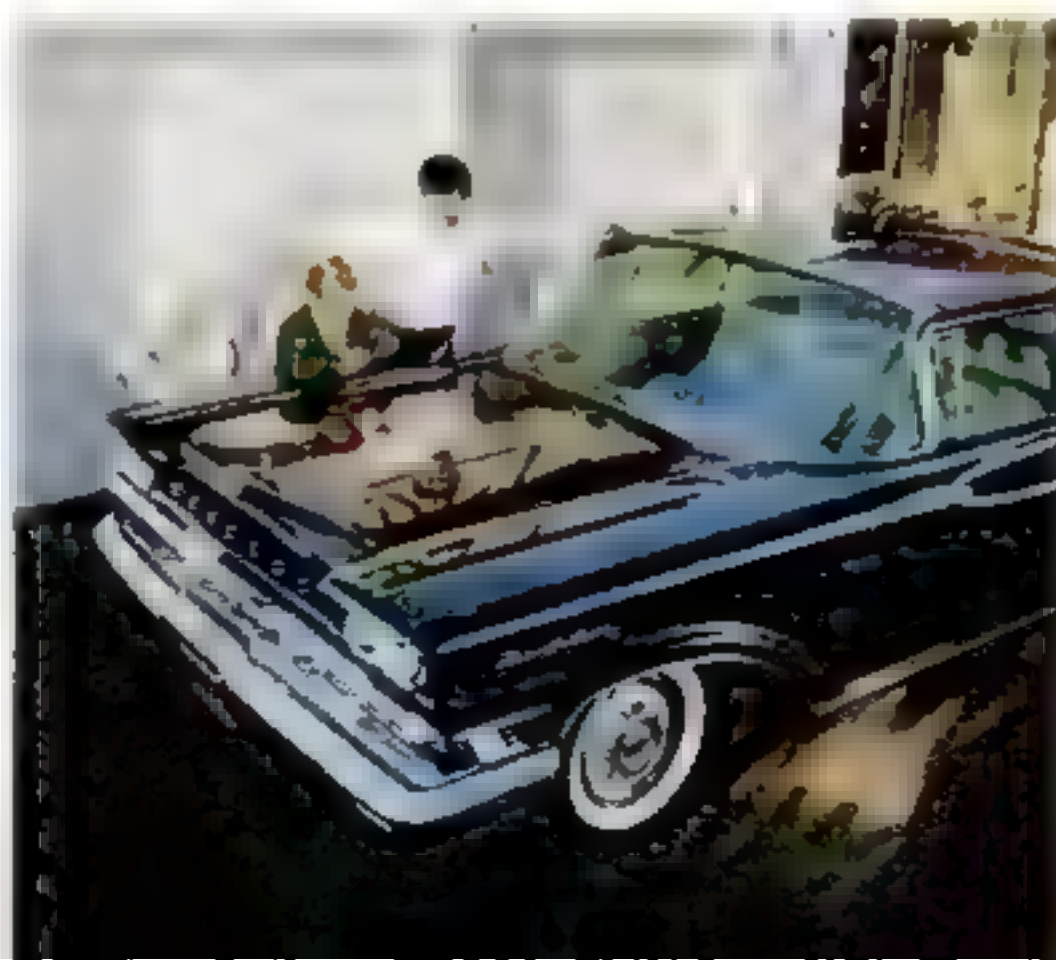
## Mercury remembers your pocketbook, too

*(saves you money when you buy, drive and trade)*



**STAYS NEW-LOOKING LONGER — PROTECTS TRADE-IN VALUE.**  
Mercury's extra quality pays you back with extra savings. The 1959 Mercury is built to last, with a long-lasting paint job that keeps it looking like new. Mercury's extra quality also helps you save money when you trade in your car. The 1959 Mercury is built to last, with a long-lasting paint job that keeps it looking like new.

◀ **THE ROOM YOU NEED, A PRICE YOU'LL LIKE.** When you buy a 1959 Mercury, you get a roomy car. Mercury offers you a 6-foot-wide riding room that's easy to reach in, with up to 45 cubic feet of storage space. When you buy a 1959 Mercury, you get a roomy car. Mercury offers you a 6-foot-wide riding room that's easy to reach in, with up to 45 cubic feet of storage space.



**ECONOMY-POWERED — YOU SAVE ON GAS.** Mercury's V-8 engines are America's newest, with up to 200 horsepower. As a result, you'll save money on gas.

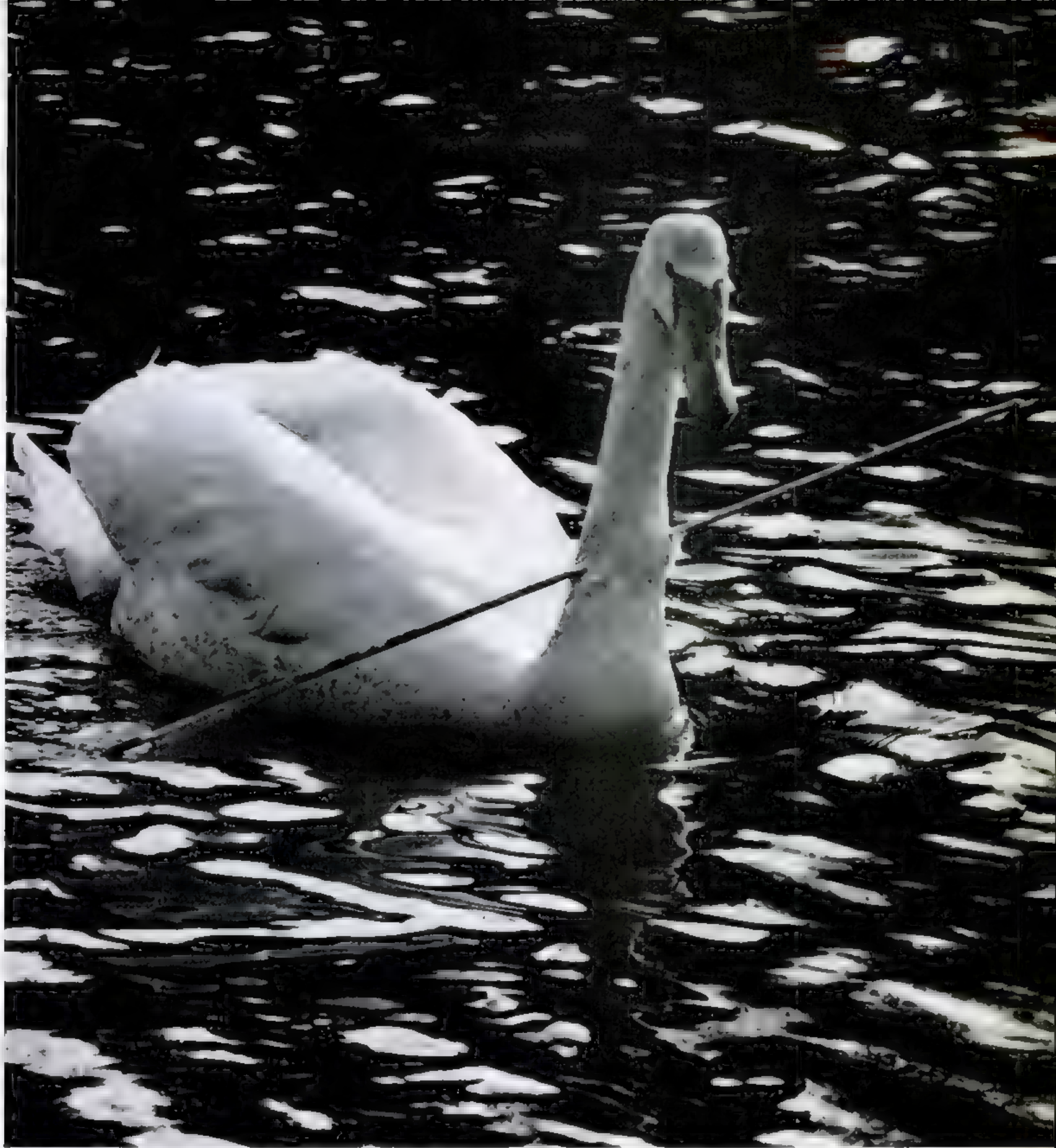
MERCURY DIVISION *Ford Motor Company*

## '59 MERCURY

*Planned  
for People*

SEE AND DRIVE THE BEST-BUILT CAR IN AMERICA TODAY — AT YOUR MERCURY DEALER'S





FLOATING PLACIDLY ON LONG ISLAND POND, THE SWAN HOLDS HER HEAD HIGH AND BALANCES THE 31-INCH-LONG ALUMINUM ARROW PIERCING HER NECK.

## ARROW IN A NARROW NECK

The swan, keeping at a distance from the shore, had been gliding gracefully about for several days before anyone noticed anything strange about it. Then a fisherman saw that through its neck was a long arrow, whose presence seemed to bother the swan not at all. Probably the arrow was shot by a boy, trying out his archery from the banks of Greengate Pond in eastern Long Island.

Two local game wardens came to remove the arrow but the swan—a female—flew out of reach. Her mate flew over to protect her, fluttering

his wings and shielding her from the would-be helpers. When the two swans were finally worn out, the wardens caught the bird and found that the shaft was harmlessly lodged between the neck muscles and the windpipe. The swan bled after they had removed the arrow but they stuffed the wound with feathers and let her go.

Last week the wardens returned to the pond to check up on their patient and on their surgery. The female swan was not only healthy but surrounding her was a brood of six cygnets, born shortly after the operation.

CONTINUED



tick-tock . . . tick-tock . . .

**OLD CHARTER** is the BOURBON that didn't watch the clock for Seven long years!



French Calendar Clock. Lower dial shows months, days, dates, phases of moon. From the famous Old Charter Collection.



Imagine you have Kentucky's finest Bourbon to start with... then you let time tick by seven years as it slowly ripens to perfection. Then remember the best whiskey you have ever tasted and imagine one still mellow and smoother. Do all these things... then taste Old Charter!

**OLD CHARTER**

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KENTUCKY'S FINEST STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 7 YEARS OLD  
86 PROOF • OLD CHARTER DISTILLERY COMPANY • LOUISVILLE, KY



## SWAN'S ARROW CONTINUED



**FLYING** from a rescuer with the arrow still in her neck, the swan eludes the efforts of Deputy Warden Henry Dam who attempts to approach her by canoe.



**SUBDUED PATIENT** is held down on shore as warden wields wire clipper. She hissed as he cut one end of arrow and pulled it out from the other end.



**ARROW OUT**, swan lands in water after Dam and Game Warden Stephen Pradon release it from the canoe. The chase and operation took three hours.





## How many ways can he hurt himself today?

To kids a beach is an invitation to exploration, and, possibly, an invitation to a cut foot. You *try* to protect them, but you can't fence them in, and wouldn't if you could.

So you come to expect little injuries like these and *prepare* for them. For you know

that infection can change a minor hurt into a dangerous thing for child *or* adult.

Of course, if the injury is serious, you immediately call your doctor.

But, *like* your doctor, you want to be prepared with the most modern First Aid needs

for the *minor* cuts and scrapes.

Make sure you have these newest, easiest to use essentials in *your* medicine chest, as well as your trusty **BAND-AID®** Bandages. They're by Johnson & Johnson, so you're completely confident of *absolute* sterility.

A year's First Aid from **Johnson & Johnson** ...about \$2.



**1. Cotton Balls.** Handiest way to clean around a wound and apply an antiseptic. Exclusive process makes each ball larger and fluffier. Sterile. **39¢**

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**FIRST AID CREAM**  
ANTISEPTIC

**2. First Aid Cream.** New multi-purpose healing cream. Effective, yet so safe for cuts, burns, scratches. Doesn't sting or damage live tissue. Helps heal faster. **59¢**



**3. Steri-Pad® Gauze Pads.** Modern, easy protection for larger cuts, burns, scrapes. Each soft, folded gauze pad comes in a germ-free envelope. Sterile. **40¢**



**4. BAND-AID® Clear Tape...** New; especially developed to stick to your skin...invisible! Waterproof; Can't fray; Comes in new, easy-to-use dispenser **39¢**



**5. Improved Bandage.** New, exclusive bandage adapts to any shape. Won't slip...it clings to itself. Flexes, won't restrict motion. Neat, easy to use, sterile. **33¢**

\*Trademark No connection with American National Red Cross



For more safe mileage when the pavements are  
**The World's First Turnpike**



This year, the average motorist will do more than half his driving on modern throughways, expressways and turnpikes—at high legal speeds. For greater safety,

you need Turnpike-Proved Tires by Goodyear. (Photo: The Longway approach to the Queens Midtown Tunnel, into Manhattan.)

**GOODYEAR**

**MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER**



e sizzling...

# Turnpike-Proved Tires!



Right now, when mid-summer heat has pavements blistering hot, many a tire that's been "getting by" around town will suddenly fail out on the turnpikes and throughways. What you need are Turnpike-Proved Tires by Goodyear.

Turnpike-Proved means: these tires give up to 25% more safe mileage no matter where or how you drive. Proved in actual driving tests on "The Turnpike That Never Ends."



Here are the vital differences in these great new Goodyear tires:

**You get up to 25% more mileage** — because Goodyear scientists found a way to bring rubber molecules and certain new chemicals into a more intimate mixture, creating far tougher tread rubber. And, *only* Goodyear gives you 3-T cord (Nylon or Tyrex) — *triple-tempered*, under controlled Tension, Temperature and Time, for toughness that other cords simply do not have.

**You get greater protection** against high-speed heat — because these tough new Goodyear tires *generate* less heat, and *resist* heat better, than any tires we ever made.

The superiority of these tires was proved conclusively — on the newest high-speed test track in the world . . . Goodyear's five-mile, 140-mph "Turnpike That Never Ends" at San Angelo, Texas.

In long, high-speed runs that duplicated the toughest driving tests of the tire-eating turnpikes, we verified the most significant difference in tires today: *Every Goodyear tire is Turnpike-Proved — the toughest, safest, longest-wearing tire in its class.*

You can buy these new Turnpike-Proved Tires for every car and every budget — at your nearest Goodyear dealer's.

Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



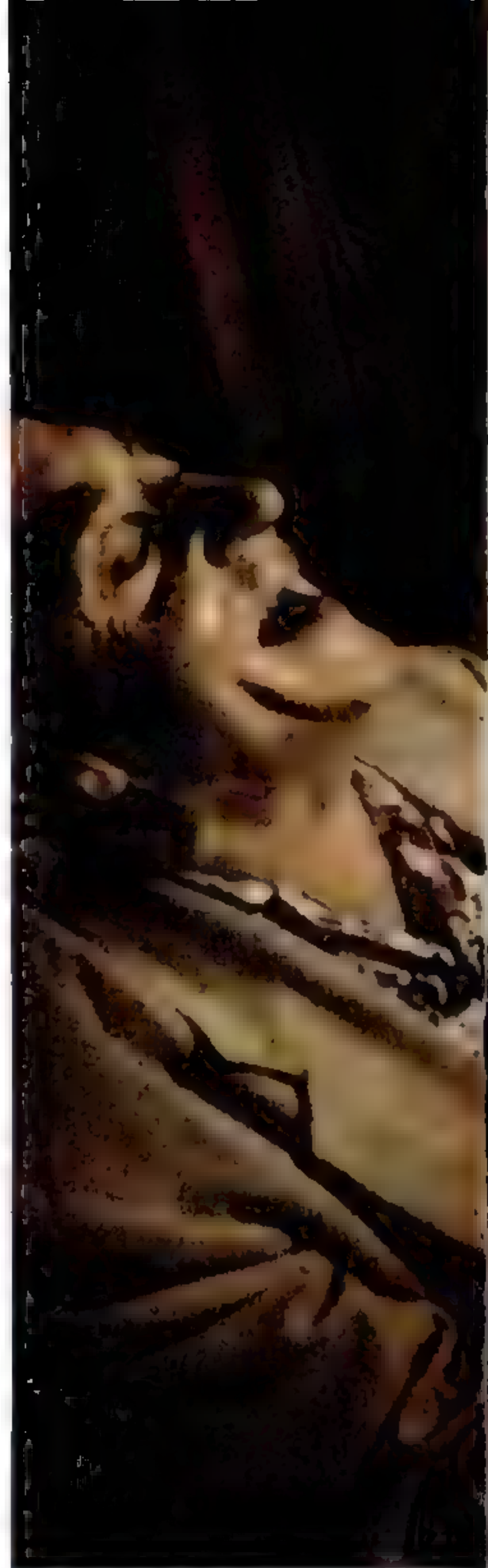
Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms

Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening.

KIND!



# Rugged, Romantic World Apart



## CREATIVE COLONY

### Mountains and Sea

**A**long the sweeping Big Sur coast, the Pacific breaks against the mountains. The only highway through the area, 20 years in construction, was not finished until 1937. The winters are mild and wet and fog hugs the coast from June until October, but in spring and fall Big Sur is warm and bright.





## FINDS A HAVEN IN CALIFORNIA'S BIG SUR

The early Spanish called it El Sur Grande—the Big South, a remote, ruggedly beautiful 25-mile stretch of the California coast, 150 miles below San Francisco, where the Santa Lucia mountains plunge steeply into the Pacific. The Spanish found it a romantic world apart, inaccessible to all except, later, a few ranchers driving cattle to feed on mountain grasses. Big Sur today is still a spectacular, romantic world apart, tenanted now by a small colony of people who find it a haven from the frenzies or frustrations of conventional life.

The setting is awesome—and so, for a time, were the lurid tales of Big Sur's residents. Its handsome isolation drew a crew of nonconformists who made it a craggy Bohemia. In 1944 Henry Miller, the once-expatriate novelist whose most famous works (*Tropic of Cancer*,

*Tropic of Capricorn*) are banned in the U.S. as pornographic, settled in Big Sur. Around him, living in tents and shacks, clustered a coterie of young rebels who seemed bent on creating what one reporter called a "cult of sex and anarchy." But the rigors of Big Sur living eventually drove most of the rebels to more casual surroundings. In their place came a calmer breed: dedicated craftsmen who find they work best far from the urban rat-race; others, still more conventional, who have retired, young and old, to Big Sur's tranquillity.

Miller himself stayed on, raising his lovely children, working, enjoying his role now as Big Sur's kindly, patriarchal celebrity. There are less than 400 inhabitants. What they have found in Big Sur at its best is, as Miller says, a region "of grandeur and of eloquent silence."

### Leader Holding Court

Henry Miller, at 67 the reigning figure of Big Sur, hoods forth (second from left) on a Saturday night at the Nepenthe restaurant. His friends are Poet Eric Barker (left), Sculptor Harry Dick Ross and Giles Healey (right), celestial navigation expert.

### Photographed for LIFE

by J. R. EYERMAN

CONTINUED





### The Diligent Dilettante

**D**ouglas Madsen (over) 42, sometime sculptor, clothes and jewelry designer, a Big Sur resident for 15 years, teaches yoga to some of his neighbors on his terrace with its spectacular view of the ocean.



### A Musical Author

**A**t the cello, Nicholas Roosevelt, 66, kin to Teddy, author of cookbooks, former *New York Times* correspondent, is host to chamber music session. Visitor Gene Perrine plays piano, Nancy Hopkins the violin.

### Socialite Far from Society

**D**escendant of Mark Hopkins, Sam Hopkins, 43, rejected social position and a business career to settle in Big Sur. He and his wife Nancy have four children. To augment his modest inheritance, he does odd jobs







#### Retired Publisher

**W**illiam J. Chenery, 75, for 25 years editor and publisher of *Collier's*, first saw Big Sur in 1928 and moved in to stay in 1951. He (standing) and his wife (pouring) have friends to tea in their hillside home.

#### Immigrant Monastics

**O**n the south edge of Big Sur, the Hermits of New Camaldoli, a Roman Catholic order dedicated to propagating the arts, are setting up their first monastery outside Italy. Four of the monks stroll outside a makeshift chapel.











### Worker in Mosaics

**I**n her studio on Partington Ridge, one of two Big Sur settlements, Mosanist Louisa Jenkins, 60, works on sketches for the ceiling of St. Anne's Chapel in Palo Alto. She is also decorating a Benedictine priory.

### Alfresco Art Study

**T**he weekly figure class works in the afternoon sun at the Coast Gallery in Big Sur's Litter Canyon. All the class except Carpenter Joe Kingsweld, standing at rear, are full-time, serious artists, including the model.



### Something for the Tourists

**O**n the patio of the Nepenthe restaurant, employes dance for visitors. The restaurant, opened in 1949 in a cabin once owned by Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth, enjoys a vista unparalleled anywhere along Big Sur. The cage at rear screens a fireplace.





### An Author's Handsome Children

**O**n a pleasant outing in the Coastlands section of Big Sur, Val Miller, 33, and her brother Tony, 16, pause to look at the ocean. They are the children of Henry Miller and were born in Big Sur. Miller, a writer near broke, now lives comfortably on his green royalties.

### A Legendary Teller of Tales

**A**round fifty retwined, Susan Potter had is a young audience rapt with one of her stories. In her 80s, she is an expert on Irish folk lore, makes a modest living reciting. But it is impromptu storytelling like this that have endeared her to Big Sur children for 20 years.











**Especially in summer...**  
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the coffee you can drink by the gallon!

*New Aroma-Roast Sanka . . . All the best of the coffee bean—aroma, flavor, but not caffeine!*



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Caffeine Free





**BIG SUR'S LAUREATE.** Robinson Jeffers, now 72, stands before the home he started building himself 43 years ago of granite taken from the sea's edge.

## BIG SUR CONTINUED

# 'BEFORE MAN . . . STONES, OCEAN AND CYPRESSES'

Long before the latter-day bards and painters swarmed into Big Sur, the region had its characters and a poet to celebrate them. The characters were the first settlers—ranchers driven from the Salinas valley by crop failures in the 1870s. Living in the lonely mountains, they grew inbred, given to primitive emotions in primitive country. The man who wrote of them was Robinson Jeffers (*above*). For more than 40 years he has lived on the sea cliff at the northern gateway to Big Sur. Hiking the continent's edge, he sang of the enduring grandeur:

*. . . dark scant pasture drawn thin  
Over rock shaped like flame;  
The old ocean at the land's foot, the vast  
Gray extension beyond the long white violence. . .  
This place is the noblest thing I have ever seen.  
No imaginable  
Human presence here could do anything  
But dilute the lonely self-watchful passion.*

The first of the new generation at Big Sur was an artist named Jean Varda who moved in during the late 1930s. Older residents often speak feelingly of the good days "before Varda came," dating from his arrival the noisome reputation for beards, bottles and bedlam that Big Sur acquired. It was Varda who introduced Henry Miller to Big Sur and Miller in turn who lured a second wave of nonconformists.

Miller took a dark view of civilization's dry constraints. This attitude, together with his pacifism, attracted a coterie. The Beat Generation had not yet, in the late '40s, been named, but Miller's followers were the first beatniks. They did not stay long, however.

"It's too difficult here for the casual drifter," says Dennis Murphy, a native of Big Sur, whose first novel, *The Sergeant*, won wide praise in 1958. The Sur has a two-room school, but no doctor, no policeman. Until last year there was no grocery store. Now there is one, started by a disk jockey who quickly found, however, that shopkeeping in Sur was not his groove and sold out. An ex-Marine named Howard Welch has fared better. He drifted into Big Sur seven years ago, decided the place needed a garbage man and became one—with distinctive touches. He must be summoned by postcard before he drives up in a truck with "Dealer in Unusable Items" emblazoned on it—in Japanese.

Some of Big Sur's primitive quality is disappearing. New homes are more elaborate; more and more tourists are poking their way into the canyons. But the fierce and solitary beauty still remains. "Before the first man," Jeffers wrote of his beloved coast, "Here were the stones, the ocean, the cypresses/And the pallid region in the stone-rough dome of fog where the moon/Falls on the west. Here is reality."

POETRY REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF RANDOM HOUSE



## WONDERFUL WORLD OF 28 FLAVORS

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Before you decide on one of the rich, delicious ice creams, you'll want to make up your mind between a tempting, grilled-in-butter Frankfort and a heaping platter of *tenderloin* fried clams. Or perhaps you're in the mood for a large, juicy charcoal-broiled steak.

But, whatever you choose, one thing is certain—you'll receive good food, prepared in world-famous Howard Johnson's fashion, served to you with that all-important smile and always sensibly priced!

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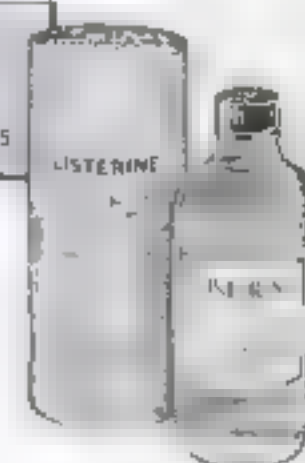
**Tooth paste is for your teeth—Listerine is for your breath.** Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and you need an antiseptic to kill germs.

**Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.** No tooth paste is antiseptic, so no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . on contact, by millions.

**Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste**—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as the Listerine Way.



## *Reach for Listerine*



...Your No.1 protection against bad breath





## Western Style Political Wheel

**T**O ME politics is just a hobby," says Paul Ziffren, a 46-year-old California tax lawyer. Today he is easily the most important hobbyist in the Democratic party and leader of a new breed of free-wheeling western politicians. In 1953, when the California state organization was a shambles, Ziffren took over as national committeeman and helped lead it to last year's landslide. He was chiefly responsible for snagging the 1960 convention for Los Angeles and now, as head of the planning committee, will have a strong backstage voice in naming a presidential candidate.

Ziffren is an owlish man with an engaging, enthusiastic manner. In reactivating the Western States Democratic Conference (*above*) he was a force in building a bloc of 12 states whose liberal politics offset southern conservatism. Ziffren's growing power has brought him a significant run of recent visitors—Kennedy, Humphrey, Symington. Philosophically close to Adlai Stevenson, he could easily adapt to Humphrey or Kennedy. Though he flaunts his amateur standing he has the pro's rules down pat: "Think twice," he says, "before saying a mean thing. In politics your enemies often turn up on your side because *their* enemies are against you."

LIVEWIRE politician Ziffren presides (*above*) at Democratic parley in Denver. Below, he breakfasts in Los Angeles with Stuart Symington. He is cool to Symington or other candidates of the Truman-Rayburn coalition.

*"With the convention out here our party is getting a stronger western accent. As a result, a lot of candidates come to talk things over. Breakfast is as good a time as any to do it. Orange juice tastes good with politics."*







At meeting in Denver, Zieffren, chin in hand, listens as Democratic Chairman Paul Butler talks to Western leaders.

"Like a football coach, a politician must have strategy. Parties are bound to have factions and the trick is to bring them together without losing the issues. A political leader is better off if he says exactly what he thinks. If he tries to please everybody to avoid a fight, he pleases no one. A little bit of courage never hurt a politician."

ZIEFFREN inspects Los Angeles arena where Democrats will convene. Hall will hold 16,000 delegates and spectators.

"Our biggest asset as a convention city is this hall. Not a pillar to obstruct vision. I want to see a free and open convention. No region should dictate. But the West will have a stronger influence than in the past. We are growing in population, output and daring and these factors will help the party take a stance of boldness."







This is a Kodak color slide. Only two inches square yet it gives you a picture four feet wide on your screen!



## Relive your trip big-as-life...with Kodak color slides!

*The most exciting souvenirs of all are yours for the taking... yours to bring back and show!*

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people you've met, back to the sights you've seen. You'll have years of pleasure with 35mm Kodak color slides. Start now for as little as \$2.95 down—easy as 1-2-3...



**1** They're easy as pie with the Kodak Pony II Camera. Pre-set shutter, easy "zone" focusing. Fast f/3.9 lens gets great color slides and Kodacolor snapshots. Ask your dealer about trading your old camera. . . . . \$29.50



**2** Get all the color with world-famous Kodachrome Film. And ask your dealer about the Kodak Prepaid Processing Mailer which permits you to mail your film to Kodak for processing and get your slides back by mail, too.



**3** Show your fun big . . . and lifelike . . . with the Kodak 300 Projector. It's compact, easy to operate. With Readymatic Changer, \$64.50 or as little as \$6.45 down. (Other Kodak projectors to \$149.50)

Many dealers offer terms as low as 10% down. Prices are list, include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.

See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" and "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet"

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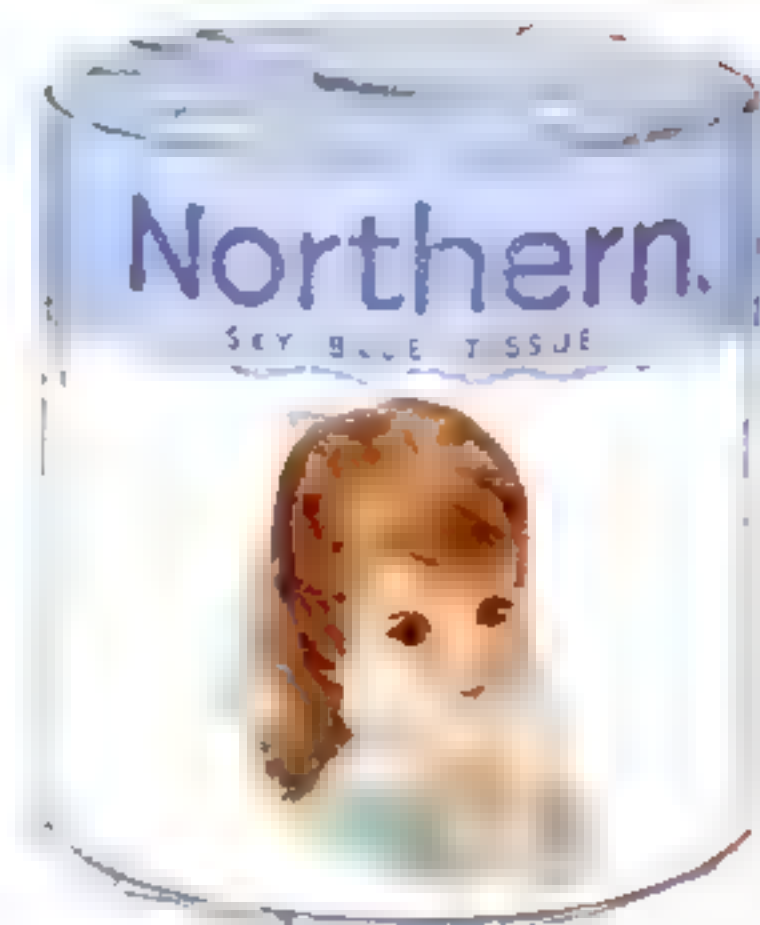




*A snowy kitten  
warm and small  
Of softness is  
the all in all*

## *Softness is Northern*

*Northern Tissue is  
made with fluff  
Nothing else  
is soft enough*



*In fresh, clean colors  
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ABSORBED AND ELEGANT, THE GUESTS SURROUND THE CRAP TABLE. SINCE PLAY MONEY WAS USED, GAMES WERE NOT ILLEGAL EVEN INSIDE THREE-MILE LIMIT



## CHARITY GAMBLING AT SEA

For one profitable evening recently, the liner *Liberté* was turned into a floating gambling casino. The money used, however, was phony and the gambling was done for a worthy cause — the New York Cancer Society. Benefit balls are proliferating (*LIFE*, Dec. 8) to such an extent that committees are hard put to dream up gimmicks that will attract patrons. The Cancer Society's gimmick was the *Liberté*, which the French Line had lent for the party.

While the liner sailed to Ambrose Lightship and back, the patrons on board gaily exchanged thousands in hard cash for fake money with which to gamble for real prizes — a station wagon, a \$5,500 mink coat, a \$3,500 vanity case. The 500 people aboard had already plunked down \$100 apiece for champagne cocktails and an elaborate seven-course dinner. All in all, there has not been a benefit in years at which society has had more fun or where \$80,000 has been more pleasantly plucked from them.



GRAND PRIZE WINNER Bernard Gimbel played roulette most of evening, won the station wagon.



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*Drive with confidence!* This policy — in writing — means that your car or truck is inspected, reconditioned if necessary, road-tested, and warranted on ten points essential to dependable motoring. Here is an im-

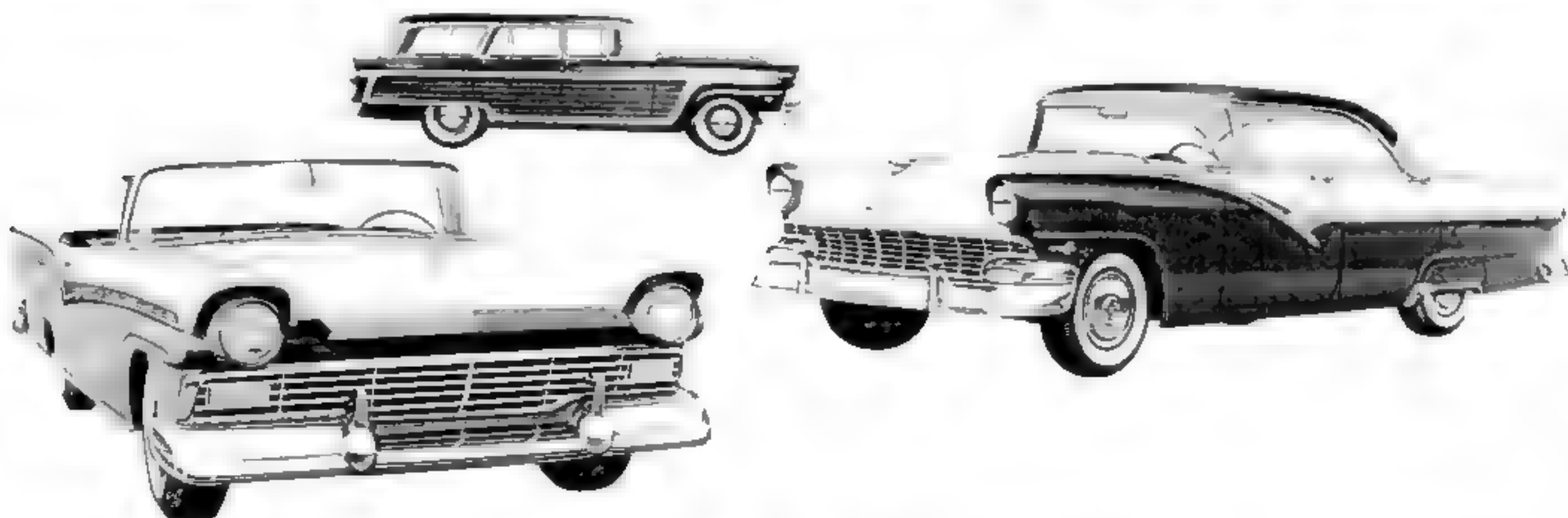
portant advance in used vehicle history.

Only one car in ten on the highway today can meet Ford dealer standards for A-1 Used Cars. Your Ford dealer takes extra care before he puts the A-1 sticker on any car. It's inspected inside and out...reconditioned, if necessary...road-tested to make sure. After all, his reputation rides with every A-1 used vehicle he sells. He's here today...and here tomorrow. So he wants you as a satisfied and loyal customer.

Chances are the used car you want is at his

Shopping Center right now. His 1959 Fords have attracted so many trade-ins of all makes and models that his selection is excellent. And to move these cars and make room for more, he's priced them all rock-bottom low.

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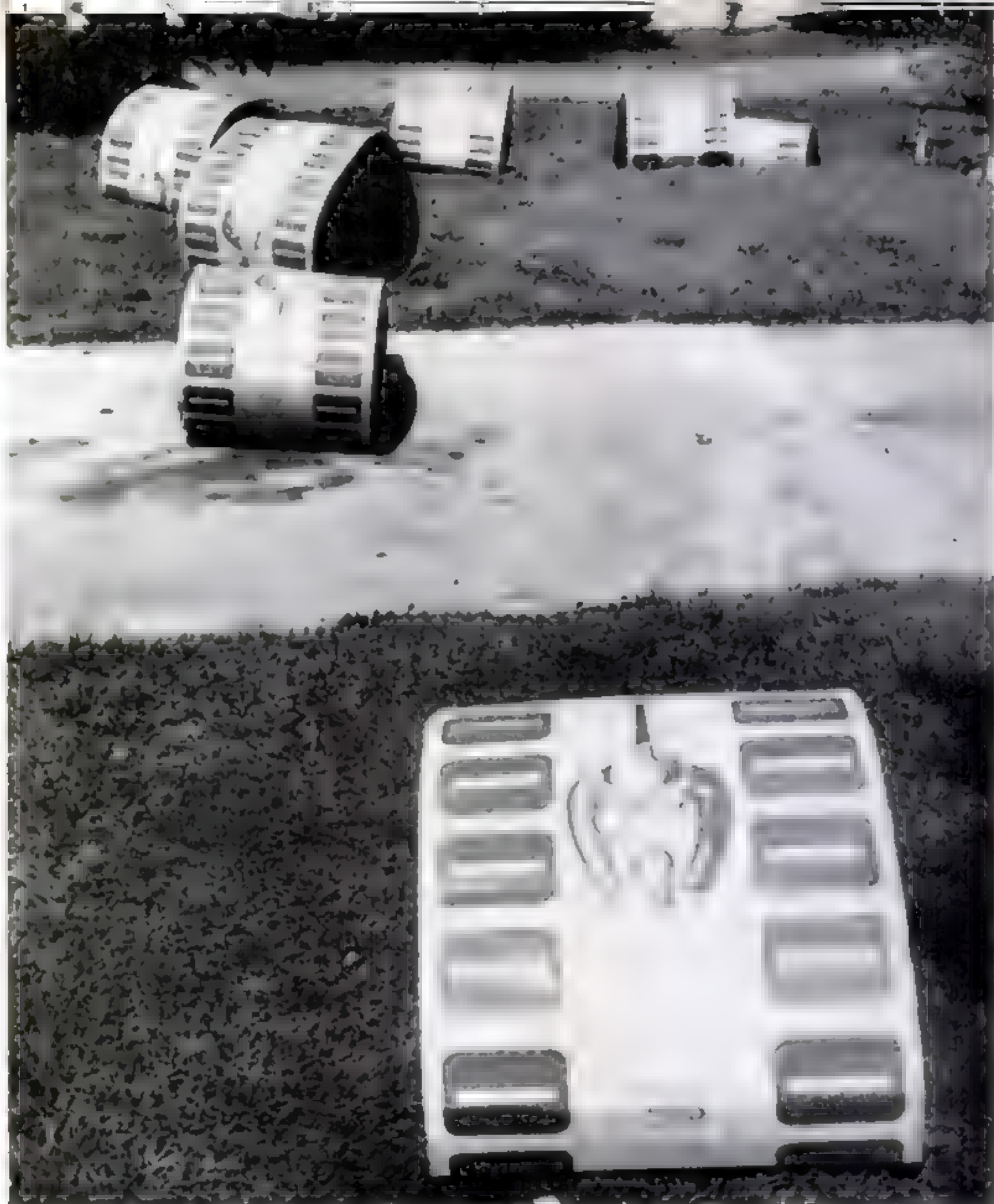
Crisp salad... frosty drinks... and savory APPIAN WAY PIZZA, out of the kitchen onto the picnic table to treat you and your family to a new kind of cool 'n easy backyard picnicking.

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A PLATOON OF SEVEN CRAWLTRAKS CLIMBS OVER A SMALL HILL AS ST. LOUIS CHILDREN GO INTO ARMED COMBAT

## A Crawling Combat Toy

On a suburban lawn the small tanks maneuvered spryly about in a toy war. The power for each of the vehicles was the simplest imaginable—a small child crawling on hands and knees inside the coiled track of corrugated fiberboard. The new toy, called a Crawltrak, has been selling briskly in St. Louis, is catching on in Chicago and is about to go on sale throughout the country at \$1.98 per tank. The inventor, Leo

Jacobson of St. Louis, who designs custom kitchens for a living, got the idea for Crawltrak when he realized how much his children liked to climb into things, like cardboard boxes. The toy pleases both parents and children. "If kids have to crawl," says a St. Louis mother, "this is the cleanest way to do it." Her 6-year-old son finds a fierce pleasure in the toy. "I like to drive over everything," he explains.

TINY DRIVER, 3-YEAR-OLD LINDA SATISBURY SPEEDS UP HER CRAWLTRAK. TOY IS 23 INCHES WIDE, 7 FEET ROUND







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HERE'S HOW: Juice of 1 lemon • 2 teaspoons sugar • 1 generous Jigger Seagram's 7 Crown. Shake well, pour over ice cubes in 8 oz. highball glass. Add Seven Up (or ginger ale) to top. Garnish with slice of orange and sprig of mint, if desired.

**SAY Seagram's AND BE Sure**





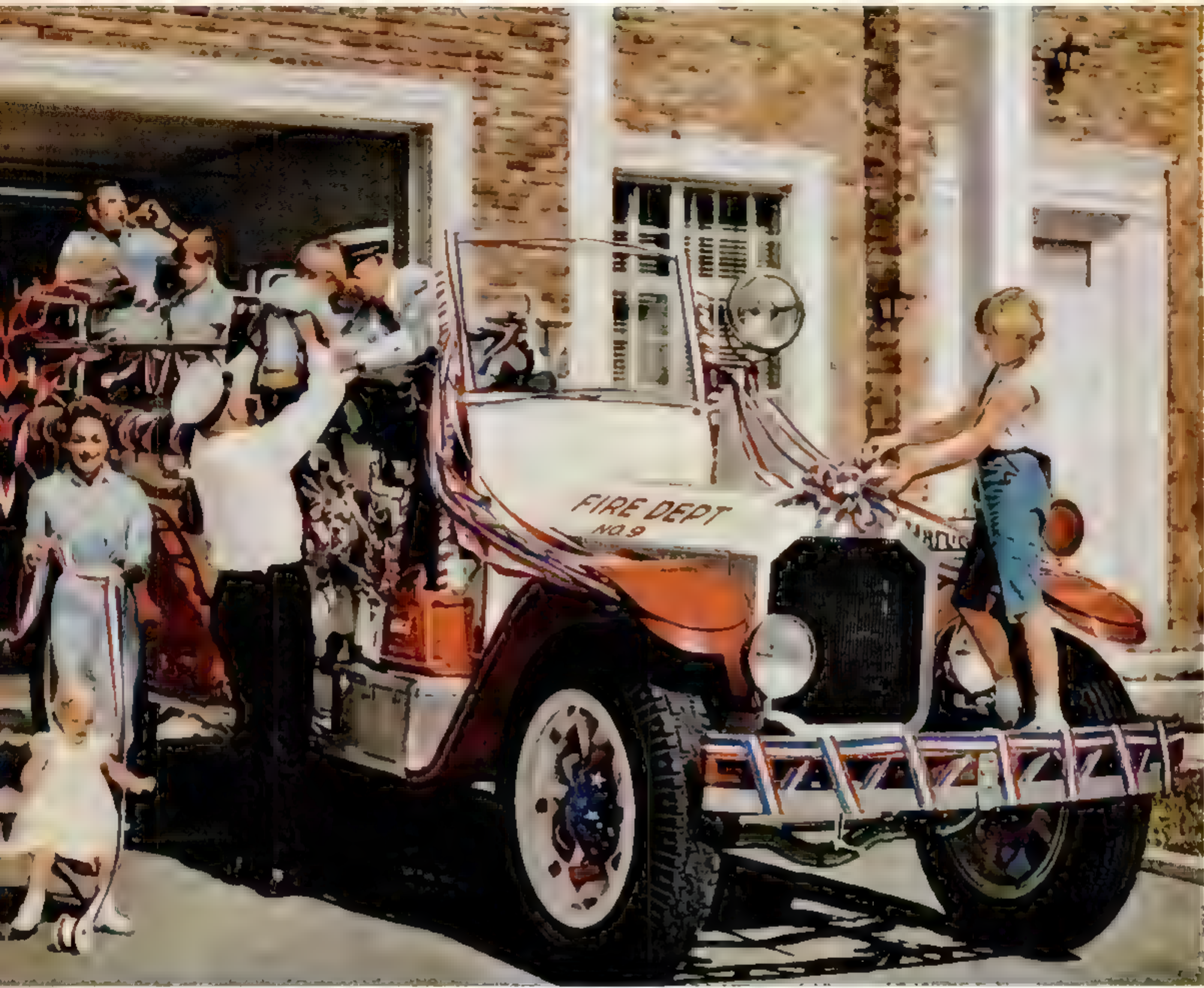
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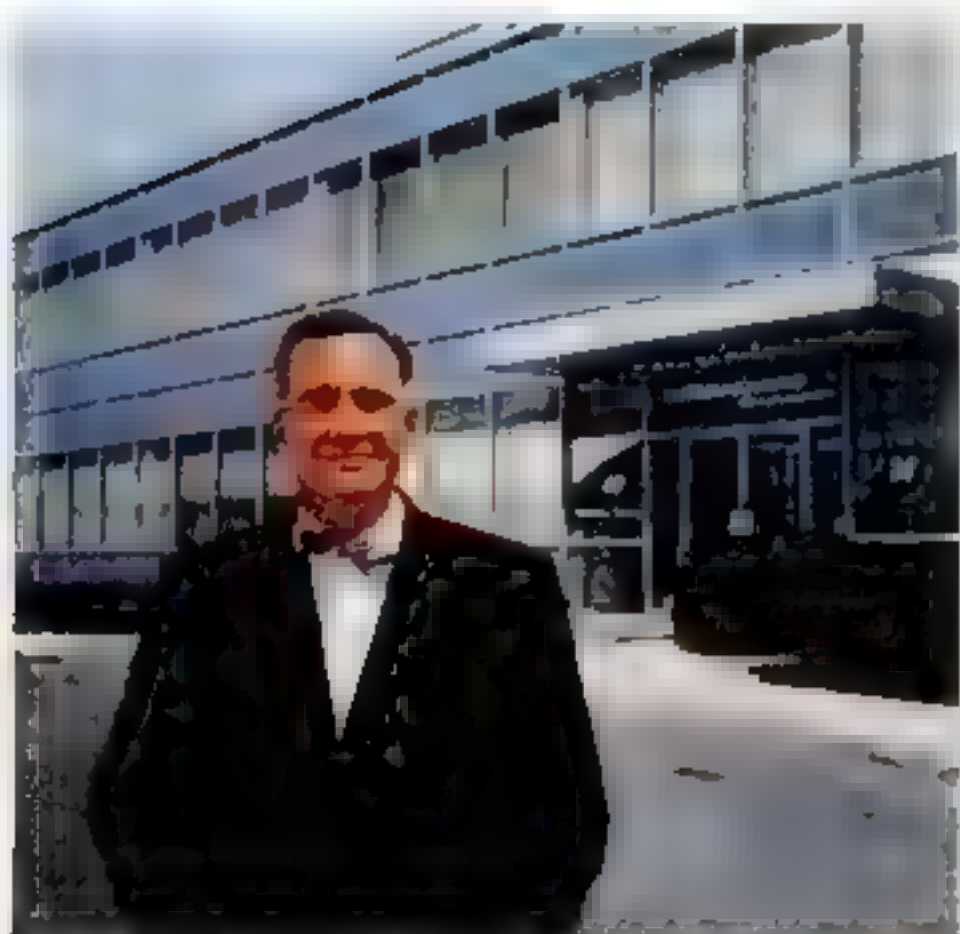




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*says William C. Scott, president of  
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producers of outboard marine motors.*



*Mr. Scott is pictured in front of the Outboard Marine Corporation office building. This handsome new structure reflects his corporation's dynamic growth in recent years: from sales of 27 million dollars in 1947 to almost 160 million dollars in 1955.*

William Scott is not only a specialist in pleasurable ways to travel: he also has a discerning eye for design excellence, for precision workmanship and meticulous attention to detail. And, as a highly successful business leader, he is not unaccustomed to the finest automobiles.

Knowing this, we are especially pleased that he chose Lincoln. The graceful distinction of this car's uncluttered lines first attracted him. And once behind the wheel of his Lincoln, he discovered a magnificent handling quality, a

silken-smooth obedience to his slightest touch.

Moreover, inherent in Lincoln's superb design are extremely wide door frames for easy entrance and exit. You sit in seats that are wider, too, and the height of an armchair. You are surrounded by specially loomed fabrics, hand-cut leathers, resplendent coachwork.

If you appreciate an uncommon dedication to your comfort, combined with an equal dedication to expert craftsmanship—then this is the year to change to Lincoln.

—  **Lincoln**

*Classic beauty...unexcelled craftsmanship*

LINCOLN DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY



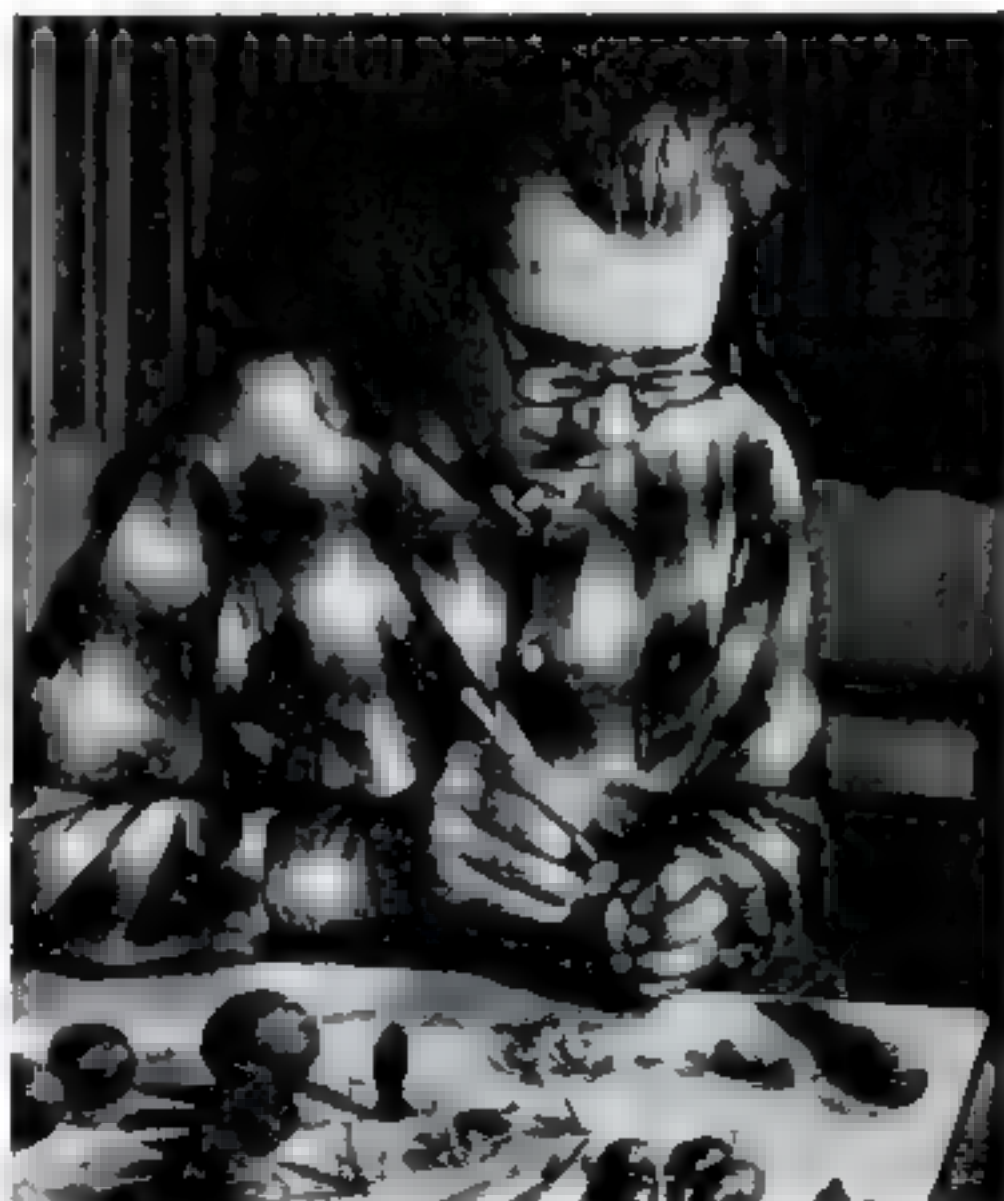


THEIR FISH EYES STARING SPOOKILY, A BATCH OF THE TINY NEW LURES BALANCES IN FORMATION ON TREBLE HOOKS

## SUREFIRE NEW FISHING LURE

A skittery person, suddenly confronted with the spooky army above, could be excused for having his hackles stand on end. But on closer inspection he would find that they are simply distant cousins of a popular fishing lure called the Spook. The way they have been catching bass and pike has been causing a mild sensation among Michigan fishermen. But the midget plugs, only one inch long, are not for sale.

Making the plugs is the hobby of a 54-year-old Utica, Mich. model-builder and fisherman named Pete Sturman. He is besieged by offers to market his lures which he calls "Go-Gettums." But after a heart attack a year ago Sturman is not interested. "I can't be bothered with the hard work of selling them," he explained. "I make only enough to supply my friends."



CARVING A MODEL of a lure, Pete Sturman cuts up a carrot. He always whittles his prototypes out of vegetables.



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BETTER... by McKESSON

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Your auto and boat need a FILT-O-REG. It makes your vacation driving a pleasure wherever you go. FILT-O-REG prevents flooding, stalling, rough idling and vapor lock. You'll get quicker starts and restarts. Your engine will run smoother, better. You'll save time, temper and money. Costs you so little—quickly pays for itself in fuel economy Guaranteed

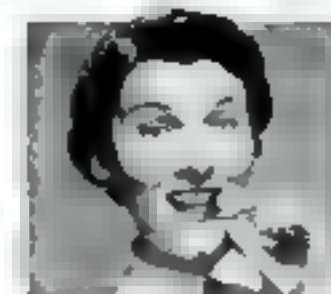
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FILTERS the fuel...REGulates the pressure



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For quick, safe, sure, 'round-the-clock freedom from odors of strong food, alcoholic beverages, smoking, etc., take wonder-working, pleasant-tasting "ENNDs" Tablets containing the miracle extract, Daratol®.

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A hot sun . . . the day off . . . and nothing to do but enjoy the contentment of loafing on the beach with his grandson. But even as he does, his savings are working for him at an Insured Savings and Loan. Today 23 million Ameri-





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**LAUGHING HAPPILY.** Toots hears toastmaster recall his "greatest first number was Moxy."

**WEEPING HAPPILY.** he hears Jackie Gleason say, "I can truthfully say I never had a better friend."



# A LAUGH AND A TEAR FOR TOOTS

**His famous 'bums' hold wake for Shor's saloon**

Bellowing hoarsely, lurching around like a hippo in black, administering bone-crushing hugs and teeth-jarring backslaps, Toots Shor greeted the 300 bums, crumbums, creepy bums, fat bums, blankety thises, unprintably blanking thats who gathered last week to honor him and to hold a wake for his famous New York saloon. All the "bums" were his beloved pals, known to the world outside as Don Ameche, Bob Considine, John Daly, Jackie Gleason, William Randolph Hearst Jr., Quentin Reynolds, owners of baseball clubs, athletes, actors, coaches, businessmen. They had come from as far as California and paid \$25 a plate to swap insults with the biggest Pal of all.

Pal Toots is an ex-bouncer whose saloon, almost from the moment it opened 19 years ago, was the country's most popular hang-out for sports figures and sports lovers. Toots served good food in casual surroundings, but the big lure was Toots himself—tough, boisterous, hard-drinking, sentimental, loyal, dispensing insults as a measure of friendship. In the lonely city a guy could always find somebody to talk to at Toots's. Ballplayers stranded in Kansas City and actors bored in Hollywood often called long distance to see who was around and hear the satisfying babble of voices and clink of glasses in the background.

Palship with Toots lent a prestige available no place else, and a pal in good standing but down on his luck could sign tabs for months on end or hit the big guy for a couple of Cs. The circle of pals grew, and so did Toots' business, to well over \$1 million a year.

Moving among his pals last week, Toots suddenly cried, "There's the bum that did it!" and wrapped a heavy arm around William Zeckendorf, who had brought on the wake by buying Toots's lease for \$1.5 million to clear the site for a hotel.

From cocktails on the second floor ("There wasn't a dry throat in the place," said one pal) the party moved to the third-floor dining room. "Sit down, ya bums," Toots suggested. During the long dinner he rose periodically to shout, "Everybody drunk. Keep drinking."

Then began the tributes, handsomely suited to the master of the affectionate slam and the endearing defamation.

"You were a bum when you started," announced Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick. "You're a bum now. But you're a great bum and we like you."

When Toots turned 50, recalled Red Smith of the *Herald Tribune*, "we all gathered here to weep great big, sobberty tears for a fat, drunken saloonkeeper. We're doing the same



# POWERHOUSE of Vitamin C



You need Orange Juice  
every day—because  
your body can't store  
Vitamin C

## Fresh-Frozen Orange Juice from Florida

### So convenient—So delicious!

There's no substitute for pure Florida orange juice—with its *natural* Vitamin C and other important health benefits, and its sweet golden Florida flavor. And this year's Fresh-Frozen juice is the most luscious you ever tasted—wonderfully refreshing in the hottest weather. Get several cans and prove it, *today!*



#### **Get the real thing!**

No synthetic substitute gives you *natural* Vitamin C and the other health benefits of pure orange juice.



So easy to mix and to serve! And it's economical—one little can makes four big glassfuls.

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# KRAFT CANDIES

good, like all Kraft foods



Everybody knows 'em, everybody loves 'em! Kraft Caramels are chewy, buttery-smooth. Nutritious, too. Proteins and minerals of 20 ounces of milk in every pound. Hungry for real caramels?

**Have some Kraft Caramels!**

Kraft makes wonderful Fudgies and Marshmallows, too.







**THE BIG HELLO** greets John Wayne and his son Patrick, 19, who is a pre-med student at Loyola in Los Angeles. "How are ya, cowboy?" boomed Toots.

#### TOOTS CONTINUED

tonight." Toots nodded approvingly. "I spent all afternoon in make-up," boasted Bob Considine, "having a lump put in my throat."

Quentin Reynolds read a sentimental letter he had written for "Little Toots," the proprietor's 8-year-old son Rory, to open on his 21st birthday. "Carl Sandburg might have had your dad in mind, Rory," read Reynolds, "when he wrote '... hard as rock and soft as drifting fog.'" Reynolds got a standing ovation and Toots wept.

From one of the closest of Toots's pals, Jackie Gleason, came the final tribute. He retold a story that reveals a lot about the good, prankful life with Toots. One well-wetted evening Gleason and Shor decided to race around the block. They crouched in sprinting position, then set off in opposite directions. But once out of sight, Gleason hopped in a cab and drove around the block. When Shor huffed back to the restaurant, Gleason was standing there, hardly winded. "Okay, ya lousy bum," snarled Shor. Then, after a long minute, he roared, "Wait a minute, YOU NEVER PASSED ME."

At last it was Toots's turn. "All I see is love," he said. "It's as good a tribute as a bum like me could get. . . . I'm gonna be out of action a little while, and nobody's going to feel it more than me. It's been New Year's Eve every night here, except when some wonderful pal has gone away. Good times, bad times, whatever." He sat down, dabbing at eyes which, like many others in the room, were moist.

Toots will open again one block north. But that will be months, maybe a year, from now. In the meantime, as one New York paper noted in alarm, thousands of bums will be homeless.

CHARLES CHAMPLIN



**IN TRIBUTE TO "CLAMHEAD,"** as he calls Shor, Jackie Gleason re-enacts Toots's sudden realization he had been treacherously defeated in a footrace.

## WASH and WEAR



## FRUIT OF THE LOOM SHORTS



As seen on TV's "Top Dollar" and "The Big Payoff"

## GUARANTEED FRUIT OF THE LOOM

underwear worn by more men and boys than any other brand

No more ironing! Now Fruit of the Loom woven shorts are WASH and WEAR! Still at the same low price! And naturally, like all Fruit of the Loom underwear they offer all these great features: Sanforized high-count cotton broadcloth • extra strong at stress points • lasting fit through countless washings • unconditionally guaranteed! Priced so right you'll buy 'em by the box!



# 49c

MEN'S Athletic Shirts,  
Box of 6: \$2.90

# 69c

MEN'S Sanforized Shorts, Tee Shirts or  
Briefs, Box of 6: \$4.10

BOYS' Tee Shirts, Briefs—49c,  
6 for \$2.90,

Sanforized Shorts—59c,  
6 for \$3.50,

Athletic Shirts—39c,  
6 for \$2.30

FRUIT OF THE LOOM UNDERWEAR

• EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.





Photographed for LIFE by ALLAN GRANT



## A New Apollo

This is the face that will—well, let's say, probably will—bring a million sighs and earn its romantic image into the hearts of heretics of American females. It may make its owner immortal in the way that the other well-known faces above (shown in their early movie days) helped make their owners immortal. This face belongs to a 27-year-old actor—just called him named Gardner McKay. The hero has arrived on the scene. The features are here dissected so that they can be measured against the basic requirements for a handsome American man.

The ideal handsome male in the tradition of men love must have a special mixture of handsomeness and ruggedness. Too much of one and the ideal will turn into a pretty boy; too much of the other and he will look like an cat. The ideal must also appear intelligent. Large deep-set eyes can show that he is. He must look like a man other men would like; this may be indicated by a strong jaw. He must be sensitive, so that his







OWNS A CHEVROLET BECAUSE HE DOES NOT WANT TO BE IDENTIFIED WITH WHAT HE CALLS HOLLYWOOD'S "THUNDERBIRD PILOTS" OR THE "CADILLAC SET"

professional photographer. He is an experienced sailor and sometimes works as the paid captain of a 96-foot schooner. He organized and is the star of a studio basketball league. He is an expert horseman, skin diver and fisherman.

McKay's new acting role will be as Adam

Troy, skipper of a South Seas schooner called the *Tiki*. Until he took this part, McKay's experience was mainly in minor TV westerns, where he once managed singlehandedly to spoil a mass battle scene. As McKay explained later, "I couldn't move. A horse was standing on my

foot." Luckily the screen test for his current TV role was held on a prop ship. "That's what saved me," says McKay. "I tied some ropes. I knew how to make that look pretty good. Then I ad-libbed some unphony sounding lines like 'ease out the main!' that helped too



**AS BACHELOR**, he visits Actress Susan Fluckette's apartment. They talked about acting and drank tea.

**AS ATHLETE**, McKay plays basketball for 20th Century's Red Foxes against Ozzie Nelson's team.



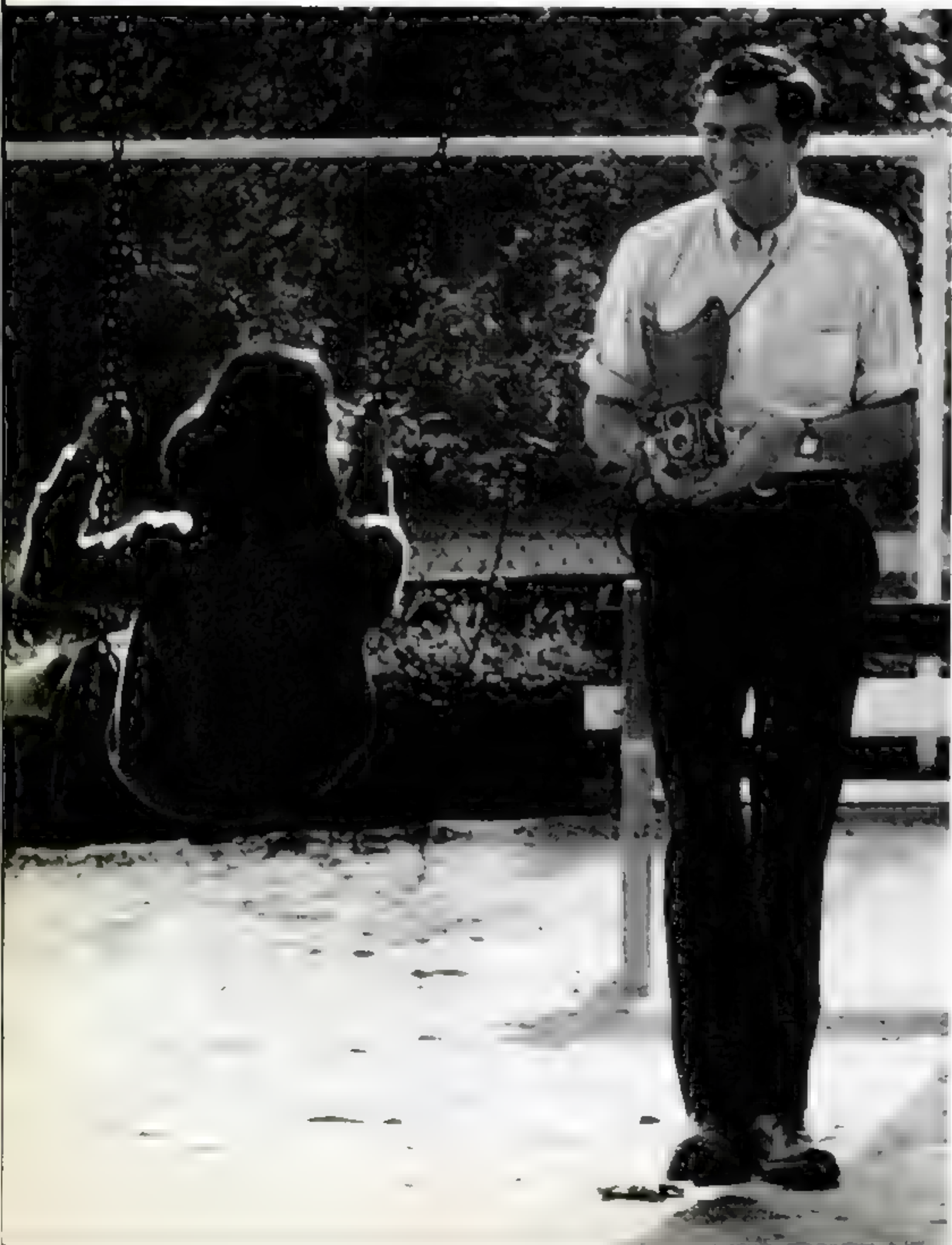
CONTINUED





PLANNING TV CLOTHES, he demands what a girl would like to wear—not what he likes.

FROLICKING with Susan Plachette McKay, who is typically in the mood to let a sportsman have his way.



## SHAPING UP FOR LATEST PROFESSION

**G**ARDNER McKAY is high-strung, intelligent, sensitive. He careens between moods of wild exuberance and withdrawn silence. The signal of the change from the withdrawn to the exuberant is a loud, head-thrown-back wolf howl: *Woo-O—OO-OOO!* This began as a signal to his dog, Pussy Cat ("I tried calling him Fang," McKay explains, "but it didn't work"), but he does it now simply to let off steam.

Partly out of vanity, partly out of good manners, McKay tries hard to make a good impression and he seems to be striving at all times to be totally sincere and honest. This earnestness has reminded a few people of the old cliché line in the monster movie, "I think he's trying to tell us something."

Gardner has created a fictitious character named J. Walter Grimjaw, the person he is fighting not to become. Grimjaw is a gray-flannelled conformist. He belongs to the Book-of-the-Month Club. He drives a sports car. When he goes to sea, he wears yachting clothes. A Grimjaw portrait of Gardner is any shot of him which emphasizes how handsome he is.

In fighting off Grimjaw, McKay wears rumpled clothes, lives in a disheveled mountain cabin, cooks his breakfast with a knife and sends out passages from Dylan Thomas' poetry as Christmas cards. He is not, however, a beatnik. He bathes, is considerate and tries to be affable to inhabitants of the Grimjaw world.

Acting is probably the only thing Gardner has ever found difficult to master. Physical sports come easily to him for he is a superb natural athlete. Intellectual pursuits are no problem for him and he has a large dollop of artistic talent. He is now studying acting diligently with Jeff Corey, one of the best teachers in Hollywood. Most aspiring actors are self-conscious because they think their looks are not good enough. Gardner is self-conscious for the opposite reason. He knows he is handsome, and he yearns mightily to become a good actor in spite of his appearance.

When he was a basketballer, free-lance photographer and sailor, Gardner's easy-going days flowed along without strict schedules. Now that he is at the studio five days and a couple of nights a week, he has become an inveterate listmaker, though he says, "It's such a fatuous system." He carries a large notebook everywhere. In it are lists of things to do and people to see, plus dozens of girls' phone numbers and addresses. Gardner does not usually make dates in advance, just telephones a girl whenever he has a free hour or two. He likes to take them to basketball games. "Some girls say, 'I'd loo-ooove to go, I think playing basketball is cute.' Playing basketball when you're engrossed in it is about as cute as being Secretary of State." So if the girl thinks the game is cute, next time McKay invites another girl.

SHANA ALEXANDER  
Life Correspondent

TAKING PICTURES on assignment from model agency, McKay poses Nancy Harmon on park swing.





**UNFURLING SAILS** aboard the schooner *Marapacha*, on which he often works as captain, McKay has what is now a rare afternoon of sailing. He comes by his

seamanship naturally for he has been around boats since a child, and his great-great-grandfather, Donald McKay, was most famous of all clipper ship builders.



# Should a car's engine be in



*Driving a rear-engine car is decidedly different from driving a front-engine car. Because of the extra weight in back, the rear-engine car is "out of balance," and often hard to control. But correctly designed front-engine cars, like this SIMCA Grand Large, are perfectly balanced, and therefore easier to drive.*



*Front-engine cars have a natural resistance to cross-winds and road-slopes, require less "steering correction" in order to hold a true course.*



*After comparing designs, many automotive engineers feel that front-engine cars in Simca's class have greater road stability than rear-engine cars.*



# the front or in the rear?

*There has been a lot of talk about this topic lately. It's a question you should look into before you buy an imported economy car. To begin with, 3 things are readily apparent: (1) Rear-heavy cars are harder to control when driving on open highways. (2) Rear-engine cars tend to "jack-up" dangerously when taking fast curves. (3) Rear-engine cars generally have less luggage space than front-engine cars do.*

#### **CONTROL OF REAR-HEAVY CARS**

They develop an "oversteer" tendency, which makes them "wander" more when on the open highway. They exaggerate the effects of cross-winds and road-slopes, hence are harder to control. They require considerably more steering correction, which tires the driver prematurely.

#### **CONTROL OF FRONT-ENGINE CARS**

Front-engine cars, like SIMCA, can actually *compensate* for cross-winds and road-slopes, which makes driving much easier.

A recent issue of *Speed Age* magazine said: "SIMCA's fantastic road-holding ability is second to none."

#### **TURNING A REAR-ENGINE CAR**

Extra weight in back means that conventional suspension designs cannot be used in these vehicles. The result?

Rear-engine cars have high-pivot swing-axles, which actually lift the whole back end of the car when taking a fast curve.

**Most non-professional drivers find this characteristic of rear-engine cars extremely difficult to cope with.**

#### **TURNING THE FRONT-ENGINE SIMCA**

Let's see what road tests by the experts have proved about SIMCA. Motor Life magazine said: SIMCA "sticks to the turns as if it were on tracks." And Foreign Cars Illustrated said flatly: "The finest performance of any non-sporting vehicle we've tested."

#### **LUGGAGE SPACE IN ECONOMY CARS**

Since SIMCA is the longest, widest, heaviest, and most powerful of all leading imported economy cars, it follows that luggage space is no problem.

It certainly isn't! In fact, passenger space is no problem, either.

The 4-door SIMCA DeLuxe, priced at only \$1698\* has room aplenty for a family of 5.

SIMCA has 4-door sedans, chic hard-tops, sports convertibles, and rugged station wagons that can save you hundreds of dollars a year on gasoline alone. See your dealer and test drive one soon.

**Here's a special free offer! If you'd like to find out more about the front-engines vs. rear-engines question, we would be glad to supply you with a complete report.**

Send today for our free booklet called "The Advantages of Front-Engine Cars Over Rear-Engine Cars." Write to SIMCA Sales Office, Dept. L, Post Office Box 1919, Detroit 31, Michigan.

**SIMCA PRICES START AT \$1698\***

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SALES, PARTS, AND SERVICE THROUGHOUT THE U. S. A. AND CANADA · OVERSEAS DELIVERY, TOO!



# UPROARIOUS TRIP WITH



**IMPOSTOR'S IDENTITIES** include roles as (left to right) a science teacher, monk, naval surgeon, Latin master, college dean and the deputy warden of a prison. At far right, he takes the author of this article onward in new escapades.

## Man whose masquerades amazed

by ROBERT CRICHTON

### VARIED CAREERS OF FRED DEMARA

In the last 18 years Ferdinand W. ("Fred") Demara (right) has assumed the names, characters and careers of more men than he can recall. Some of his most startling impostures are listed in Robert Crichton's new book, *The Great Impostor*, published by Random House:

**SCIENCE INSTRUCTOR** at a boys' school in Arkansas.

**CATHOLIC BROTHER** at Trappist and other monasteries in 10 states and Canada.

**NAVAL SURGEON** who performed many operations as an officer in the Canadian Navy during the war in Korea.

**LATIN MASTER** at the North Haven, Maine high school.

**COLLEGE DEAN**, School of Philosophy, Gannon College, Pa.

**DEPUTY WARDEN** at the Huntsville state penitentiary, the maximum security lookout of the Texas prison system.

**COLLEGE FOUNDER** who helped get Notre Dame Normal School, a junior college in Maine, accredited as a four-year institution.

**CANCER RESEARCHER** with the Brothers of Christian Instruction, a Catholic order.

**AUDITOR** at the Lamar Hotel in Houston, Texas.

**TEACHER OF ESKIMOS** at a school in Point Barrow, Alaska.



**F**ERDINAND WALDO DEMARA JR. has always fascinated me. Under his own name he is a nobody, a 37-year-old hulk of a man who never finished high school and never held an important job. But under such assumed names as Dr. Ben W. Jones, Dr. Robert Linton French and Surgeon Lieut. Joseph C. Cyr, he has proved himself a genius, the greatest impostor of our time (*LIFE*, Jan. 28, 1952). Demara, a masquerader not only by profession but also by some powerful inner compulsion, has brilliantly lived many roles, adopting not only the names but also the professions of those whose identities he assumes (*see box at left*).

In the course of his career a great many people have been exposed to Demara, but no one has ever had such an intimate, concentrated, harrowing dose as I have. For eight weeks I traveled with him through a large part of the country, visiting some scenes of his old triumphs and watching him win new ones. It was an experience not to be missed—or repeated.

Demara turned out to be a wildly unpredictable and eccentric man, but he is not a crazy one. Three psychiatrists who examined him independently all came to the conclusion that he is a sane man who just happens to get tremendous satisfaction and excitement out of his outrageous play-acting. During the weeks I spent with him, Demara was serious and thoughtful when the occasion demanded, but he was most truly himself when, with enormous zest, he was pretending to be somebody else.

My involvement with Demara began a little over two years ago when he was unmasked while passing as a Latin master in a Maine high school (*LIFE*, March 4, 1957). For years I had been keeping a file on him, and now



# THE MASTER IMPOSTOR



the world takes writer on a wild visit to scenes of his past triumphs

it occurred to me that the time had come to do a book on his many lives. From New York I placed a call to his home in Lawrence, Mass. but found that his phone had been disconnected. I learned that his home was under siege by assorted writers and free-lance impresarios, all with the same idea I had. There was even a team of Harvard psychologists camped on his lawn, trying to get him to submit to psychological tests.

"Go away," he shouted at them. "I used to *teach* your subject."

Without much hope I sent him a letter anyway, and a few days later I got a handwritten note in return. "You look like the man," it read. "I like a writer who *writes*."

For weeks I heard nothing more, but one morning at 6 o'clock my phone rang. "Be at Hosmer's restaurant at one o'clock for lunch," a voice said. I knew at once it must be Demara. I was at Hosmer's promptly at one—and waited in vain for two hours before giving up.

At 6 the next morning I got a second call. "Be at Belknap's at noon and take a table near the lobby." For three hours I sat in a run-down restaurant, studying the peeling plaster. No one came.

Next morning at 6 came a third call. "All right," Demara said, "you're the man. You showed me the stuff you're going to need." But, I asked, how did he even know I was a writer? "Simple," said Demara. "Anyone who can sit for three hours and do nothing has *got* to be a writer." But why Belknap's? "Didn't you figure that?" he asked. He sounded disappointed in me, his biographer. "Why, it has potted palms to peer from."

We arranged to meet the next morning, and although I knew he was big, I was stunned by his size. He stood 6 feet tall and weighed 295 pounds, and he had the face of a dissipated cherub. He also had that massive

animal power and vitality one associates with professional football tackles or Suomi wrestlers. For an impostor he was as glaringly conspicuous as a taxicab in a jungle. He was equally hard to handle. My original plan had been to sit in my office and have Fred Demara dictate his life story to me. It did not work. He was a caged bear, sulky and reluctant. "I don't like this," he suddenly cried out that first morning. "This pains me. You think I'm *proud* of this life?" We had drawn up a contract, and now he shredded his copy before my eyes. "Consider this thing null and void," he announced. "I'm going."

It was then that I thought of the trip. What greater way to ease a man into pleasant reminiscences than to drift around the country with him, getting to know him, sharing small talk? We could revisit the scenes of some of his impostures. Demara was instantly enthusiastic.

But his enthusiasm collapsed the moment he saw my car, a 1951 Pontiac with 100,000 miles on it. "No!" he roared. "This" and he banged a fist on the roof—"will *never* do." He came around to my side and studied me. "You don't seem to understand," he said in a steely voice. "I am used to traveling first class. That is *why* I do *what* I do."

I finally coaxed him and his suitcase into the car and started off, but he was grim and uncommunicative. For three hours we drove into the lowering gloom of rural New Jersey while Demara sat, a massive rock, mute and cold and unreachable. It was nearly nightfall when he spoke.

"I am going to have to have you arrested for kidnaping," he said quietly. "You took me across a state line against my will." He took a deep breath. "HELP!" he shouted. Involuntarily I jumped and the car swerved. "Watch the road," Demara commanded. "I was only practicing. Sooner



or later you're going to have to stop for gas, and then I'll get you."

The gauge registered almost empty and I finally turned in to an isolated, decrepit station. An old man hobbled out to fill the tank. Then he scrunched around on the gravel to clean the windshield and I could see him goggling in through the glass at Demara, who was goggling back as if someone were choking him. Suddenly Demara shouted.

"Help, get me help!" he cried. "I'm being kidnaped."

The old man kept cleaning the window intently and Demara shouted again. The man plinked a bug off the glass with a flick of his forefinger and finally began to move. He dropped his rag on the ground, hunched his head into his shoulders and, with astonishing speed, began shifting sideways across the gravel until he reached his little house. He went inside and locked the door and then one by one the lights went out. As we drove away Demara roared with laughter. "Oh God help us all," he shouted. "The look on your face, the pie-eyed, petrified look on your face. And that man. Oh God help us." He turned red and tears came down. At last he could not laugh any more but merely sat helpless, wheezing and chuffing. He did not even seem disturbed when I admitted that somewhere I had taken a wrong turn and that I did not know where we were going.

"That," he said, "is the story of my life. I don't know where I'm going and I don't know how to get there. All because somewhere down the line I took a wrong turn. You can't stop and you can't go back. There's nothing to do but to keep rolling on. I used to think that if you kept rolling, someday you were bound to run into Paradise. But I've learned better now."

We passed a road sign that read, "Scranton, Pa., 6 miles."

"See what I mean?" he said.

**G**ANNON COLLEGE is a school of 1,500 students in Erie, Pa. A dozen years before, under the name of Dr. Robert Linton French, a real person who was a Ph.D. in psychology from Stanford and whose credentials Demara had acquired, the impostor had charmed his way into becoming dean of the School of Philosophy. Now as we approached Erie I was surprised to see that Demara's forehead was bathed in sweat. "I'd like to die here," he said. "They trusted me here and honored me and loved me and I cheated them." But as we left the car he straightened his shoulders and advanced on Gannon as if he were going there to receive an honorary degree. I had felt that we would merely peek into a few rooms, but that was not Demara's style.

"If you are going to do anything at all, you have got to do it with flair," he explained. At the first classroom we reached Demara did not knock on the door. He flung it open. The entire class turned to stare at us.

"Good morning, professor," Demara boomed in a merry voice. "Ah, there, as you were now. Just one of the old boys returning to see how grandly things are getting on. Pay no attention to us."

We sat in the rear while Demara made loud, favorable comments. He leaned across to a student and confided, "Not like in my time, not at all. One of my professors had never even gone to high school." The student raised his eyebrows. "It's true," Demara assured him. "He was one of these self-educated geniuses. A good man, but weak in the classics."

At the door Demara turned back to the instructor. "Splendid, professor, splendid. Carry on." Everyone glowed with good feeling as we left.

We strolled through most of the college that morning. "I'm not afraid of being spotted," Demara explained. "If people aren't looking for you, they don't see you. And if you act like you belong somewhere, even people who know you don't belong are hesitant to call you on it. People are so insecure. Deep in their souls they don't feel they belong either."

Despite his confidence that he would not be spotted, later that morning as we were walking along a narrow sidewalk between two buildings, I saw Demara suddenly stiffen. "Oh dear," he said, "this could be bad."

Coming toward us on the walk was an elderly man who was quite plainly trying to place Demara. I expected Fred to turn away hastily, but instead he veered directly toward the man like an ocean liner bearing down on a rowboat. "Where's the gymnasium?" he demanded. "And don't you give us a bum steer like the other fellow."

The startled man turned and pointed behind him.

"Back there?" Demara said incredulously. "Then why did the other

man say over there?" He pointed in another direction. "When"—he gestured—"I thought it was over there?"

"Oh, no, really. It's back there," the man insisted.

"Are you trying to string us along?" Demara asked, eying him narrowly. The man vehemently shook his head. Demara stared at him. "Well, all right," he said at last. "But it better be where you said."

As the man hurried off, the impostor shook his head. "I'm sorry I had to do that to the old gentleman. He's really a charming man. I wouldn't hurt him for anything." But then he brightened. "Ah, well, occupational hazard, you know. There's a rule for you. Marshal Foch's Law. When your defense is crumbling, don't retreat—attack. That poor man thought he knew me. He was right, but I made him wish he wasn't. That's another secret: most Americans would rather be liked than be right."

Before we left Gannon, Demara took time out to write on a blackboard, "Dr. Robert Linton French is a big fat fake." On another he wrote, "Fred W. Demara was here. Does anyone care?" When I told Demara this was

a silly and even dangerous thing to do, he answered, "Nobody will ever bat an eye. I used to write things like that when I taught here."

This was my introduction to still another Demara rule, perhaps the most important of all: it is no fun being an impostor unless you take some risks.



After standing up author on lunch date, impostor lurks behind palms to see how he takes this indignity

**N**EXT day we were in the hard-coal country of Pennsylvania, grinding up the steep main street of a grimy coal camp, when Demara ordered me to stop. "Not here," I said. We were in front of a shabby collection of coal-blackened stores, most of them closed. "Yes, here," the impostor said. "They need the trade." He got out of the car, then marched across the sidewalk and down into the grimmest, toughest bar I had ever seen. A bitter line of coal-seamed faces glared at Demara as he advanced upon them. Without exception they were taking their whisky neat with beer chasers.

"A very perfectly made dry martini, please, innkeeper," Demara said in a very imperfect English accent.

"A what?" the bartender growled. "Look, Fatso," he said, tapping a bottle on the bar for emphasis, "whatever the hell it is, we ain't got it."

Demara wagged a finger at the bartender. "Oh, yes you have," he said with hideous assurance. "Bring down that bottle there." An ancient, dusty bottle of vermouth was lifted down from a shelf. "A jigger, please," Demara commanded, and into it he poured a thick, dark green fluid that did not resemble any vermouth I had ever seen. With every eye on him, he swished the fluid around, then abruptly tossed it down a drain.

"Aaaaah," said the men.

"Now, then," said Demara, "I'll want a large glass of water with lots of ice." The bartender muttered, but eventually the glass of ice was produced and filled with water. Demara drank the water and set the glass of ice on the bar. "A jigger of gin," he ordered. His voice was rising and I noticed the miners were beginning to hunch forward. The gin was produced.

"Another. And another. And another."

Soon six jiggers of gin were lined up along the bar. Each of these Demara poured in turn into the jigger that had once held the vermouth. Each was swished around and flipped into the tumbler of ice.

"Now, then, Boniface, the very largest glass you own."

After a good deal of mumbled debate a large glass beer stein labeled "Bet You Can't" was produced from a back room, washed and placed on the bar. I was sent down the street to procure a lemon. When I came back the mammoth martini had been poured into the glass stein. This was crowned with a twist of lemon peel. For one brief moment Demara admired his handiwork. Then, while the miners stared in awe, he raised the tankard on high.

"To the men who dig the coal," he said grandly, and in one magnificent gesture the magnificent fraud emptied the stein.

"Ooooooooh," the men breathed, and in tribute they rose as a man and each took a belt of his bootmaker.

When quiet was restored, Demara, with tears streaming from his eyes and his face an amazing red, managed to make his closer. "Gentlemen," he gasped, "this is an historic day." The men leaned forward to hear his voice, now very low and hoarse. "You have just seen the first perfect martini ever made in this city."





The "Time Proof" Body by Fisher in the 1959 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight Holiday Sport Sedan.

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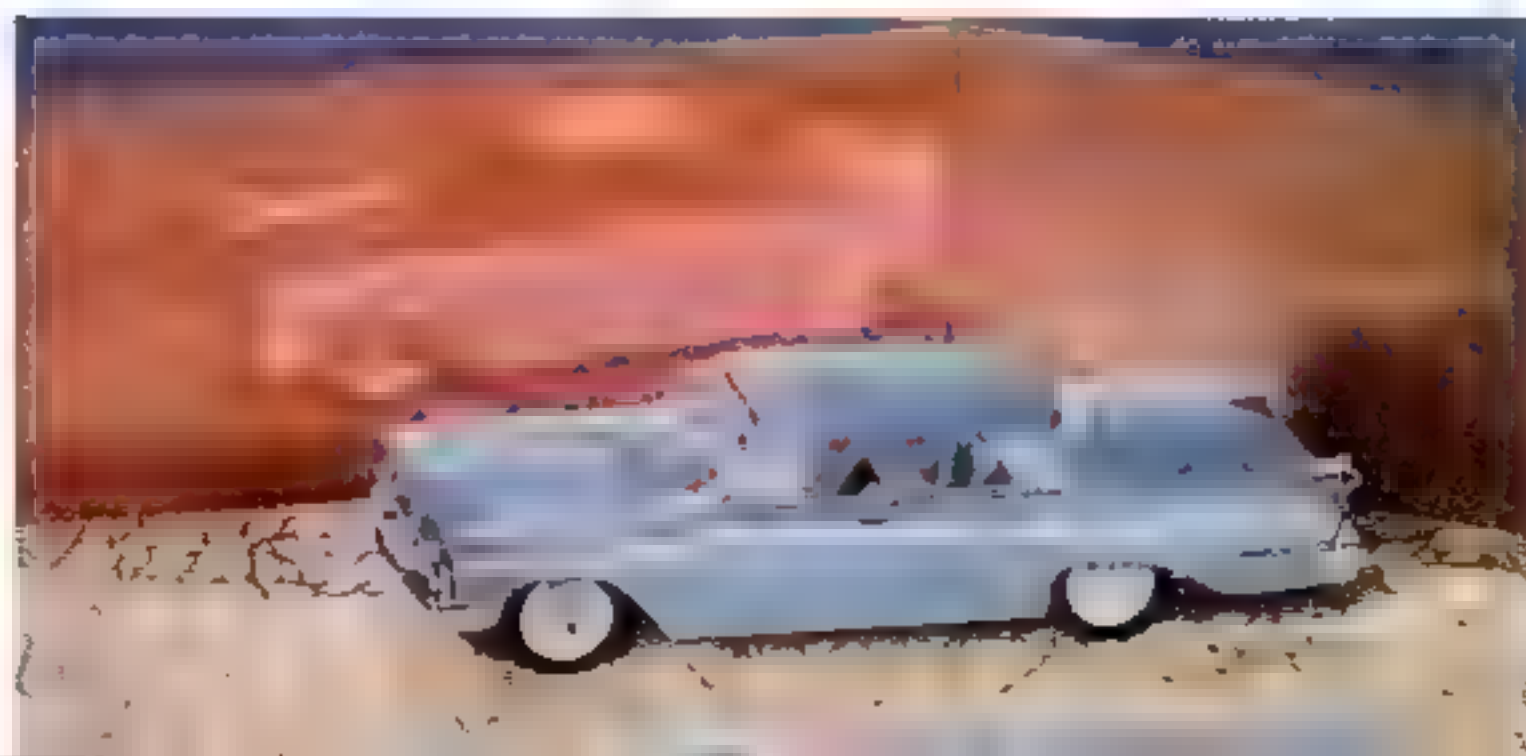
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In one magnificent gesture the great impostor emptied the stein of gin. "Ooooooooooh," the miners breathed

## TRIP WITH IMPOSTOR CONTINUED

As we turned to go, Demara produced a \$5 bill and slapped it on the bar. "For the men, host, a treat for the men," he said, and with a wave and a nod he swept out.

Silently we walked to the car. Silently we climbed in and Demara leaned back against the seat. "It gives them, you see, a sense of belonging to a wider, richer world," he croaked—and fell fast asleep.

**A**FTER this triumph we traveled on impulse for a while. We spent one day at a wolf farm and another in Coudersport, Pa. trying to guess which house belonged to Don Hoak, the Pirates' third baseman (the signs all said, "Coudersport, Home of Don Hoak"). We went to Punxsutawney just so Demara could mail a funny postcard from Punxsutawney. After that we swung up to Chicago. A few years before, Demara had been forced to abandon in a Chicago Y.M.C.A. a handbag that contained some choice credentials. While we were there he tried to find it.

"Do you have any record at all of a handbag left here two years ago by a Dr. Robert L. French?" he asked a clerk in the Y. The clerk had no such record and Demara appeared puzzled. "Oh, now I've got it. Try Dr. Cecil B. Hamann." Again no record. "Then I must have been Dr. Ben W. Jones. Try Dr. Ben W. Jones." The clerk still had no record. Demara suddenly turned on me. "You've done all the research on me," he said irritably. "You're the big expert. Who was I two years ago?" When I suggested that he try Fred W. Demara, he was shocked. "What would a bum like that be doing in a nice place like this?" he said.

Incidents such as this plague Demara's increasingly overpopulated memory. "Ghosts, ghosts, ghosts," he mumbled as we left the Y.

From Chicago we headed south toward Kentucky and Gethsemani, the famous Trappist monastery where Demara, under false credentials, twice attempted to find peace and salvation in the silent, ascetic life of the Cistercian monk. At Gethsemani we were first guided about by a young monk, but Demara seemed to know so much more about the place than the guide did that in despair he turned us over to a superior.

The cloister where we met the older monk was lined with amber windows and the light filtering through them lent the place an ethereal quality.

"Has either of you ever been to Gethsemani before?" the monk asked in a hollow, far-off voice. We said that we had not.

In silence we trooped down the corridor past the refectory, through the church and out until we arrived at a clean, modern guesthouse.

The old monk turned to Demara and said placidly, "This is new since you were here." Demara's reaction was instantaneous and amazing: scarlet color swept over his face. He spun about and began walking swiftly back across the yard. "Hurry up," he called back to me in a choked voice.

We got into the car and drove away with Demara slouched miserably in his corner of the seat. It was plain that to a great impostor the very worst thing that can happen is to be exposed.

For a while after the Gethsemani incident he was deeply despondent. He felt he had lost face and I knew he would stay morose until he found a way to recoup. I did not have long to wait. We were deep in the rice

country of Arkansas when we stopped to eat in a tiny town. We entered the hamlet's eating place and were surprised to see what must have been half the population sitting along the walls. We were told that dinner was no longer being served since it was after 6 o'clock. "Then what's all this?" Demara demanded, gesturing toward the crowd.

"Oh, this is the square dance," the waitress told us. "It's slow getting off." Demara eyed the solemn people for a few moments and my heart began to sink. He was going to recoup prestige then and there.

"This is ridiculous," he announced. He sailed across to a homemade public-address system behind which a three-man country band was sitting.

"All right now," Demara boomed out, "everyone on your feet! The dancing's going to begin. Everyone," he repeated sternly. "You over there. On your feet. Young and old. Get up. Let's go!"

When everyone was up he ordered the boys to play a good fast one, "whatever it is you play." First he had the old men lead off with the old ladies, and he followed this with teen-age boys dancing with their mothers, and then everyone over 60 had to dance with someone under 20. There followed an even more improbable series of combinations which everyone found immensely funny. After a half-hour of this the only problem was that the floor boards seemed about to collapse.

"Oh, that fat preacher can get a body goin'," I heard a woman gasp as we headed toward the door to slip outside.

In the car Demara explained cheerfully: "Just keeping the old hand in. And besides, I always did want to go to a square dance."

At that moment he was a happy man.

**A**S we neared Texas, Demara grew increasingly tense and jumpy. Under the name of Dr. Ben W. Jones he had worked with great success as an assistant warden in the Huntsville prison until he was unmasked by a prisoner who recognized his picture in LIFE. Demara had managed to escape and had never been prosecuted, but he was convinced that an open warrant was out for his arrest. I told him I was willing to skip Texas, but that seemed to insult him. "I'm a man," he said, "and there are things a man has to do. I've got to face my destiny."

By the time we reached the border, he was grim-faced and frankly worried. "I want you to know," he said, "these people here are mean." His tension was infectious. A few miles down the highway when I heard a siren behind us, I froze at the wheel. "Pull over before he shoots," Demara cried. I felt his foot mash mine on the brake pedal.

The trooper came across the concrete highway toward us as if he were heading for a gun fight. This man *was* mean. A dozen feet from us he stopped and studied first the car and then its passengers. From his features it was hard to tell which he found more revolting.

"Are you people transporting some Arkansas cotton in this car?" the trooper asked us. For a long moment we stared at him, slack of jaw, incapable of speech. Then we hastened to confess.

"Yes, sir, loads of it." I volunteered. Both of us made a rush for the trunk of the car where some illegal cotton could be seen peeping out.



"Well, that's mighty serious," the trooper said. "There might be boll weevils in those plants."

"Oh, don't we know it," Demara said. We took out of the trunk four straggly cotton plants I had plucked from the mud of Arkansas to take home as an educational exhibit for my children. I handed the plants to the officer, who handled them like robins.

I was getting back into the car when I saw Demara stride over to the trooper. "What seems to be the trouble anyway, officer?" I heard him saying briskly. "Does the boll weevil need a passport to get into Texas nowadays?"

I leaped out and pulled Demara back into the car.

"Just what did you think you were doing?" I demanded as we drove off.

"They're going to get me," he explained easily. "I thought I'd force his hand. The least I can do is go down fighting." He sank back, a bland Buddha waiting for the ax to fall. "The Great Harassment has begun," he intoned.

But as we drove toward Huntsville and the prison, the cloak of doom was momentarily lifted. Demara is a collector of names, and he bubbled with delight when, outside Nacogdoches, we came upon several stores bearing the name of Muckleroy. One was labeled "H. Muckleroy."

"I like it," he said excitedly. "It has an American smack to it. Dr. Heathcliff Muckleroy." When we passed a man out on the highway getting his mail from his mailbox, Demara asked me to stop. "I've got to find out what the 'H' stands for." The man squinted his eyes and stared across the plain. "H. Muckleroy? Why, yes," he said, "you must mean old Hork. Huck Muckleroy." The man was surprised by Demara's sudden shout of laughter. "It's short for Huckleberry," the Texan explained.

It has since occurred to me that the man was having a joke at our expense, but Demara does not believe this. One of his great challenges for the future is to get the nerve and find the right place to pass himself off as Huckleberry Muckleroy. "If I can carry that one off, I will have proved my right to immortality," he told me.

Thirty miles from Huntsville we stopped at a motel. O. B. Ellis, the general manager of the Texas prison system, had agreed to see me but said he would prefer never to see the phony Dr. Ben Jones again. When I returned to the motel from my visit to the prison, I found the impostor in bad shape. "Look," he said, thrusting a local paper at me, "did you see this?" The paper reported that sometime that morning a local resident had answered the door and had been bathed by a bucket of acid.

"It was right down the road from here," Demara said with awe. "Don't tell me that bucket wasn't marked for me. Listen," he said, melodramatically, "answer no knocks on no doors." I told him that I thought he was acting nonsensically.

"Nonsense? Nonsense to obliterate my face? Then they'd burn off my fingerprints. The next thing would be to say I never existed. No Demara, no disgrace. Don't put it past them. They're mean." We both mused on this. "A bucket of acid," he repeated. "In New York a vial is all they need. Oh, I tell you, these people are *really* mean."

We left Huntsville that evening. It was late at night when we drove back into Arkansas. Demara ordered me to go slow and finally to stop. He walked into a field and returned a minute later, his hands full. "Back to Texas," he said. "I wouldn't be able to rest if I didn't do this."

We drove back into Texas and after a few miles he ordered me to stop again. By the glare of the headlights I could see him go out into a field and begin shaking something violently.

"Now, grow, damn you, grow!" I heard him growl. When he came back to the car he wore a happy look for the first time in days. "Arkansas boll weevils," he explained. "They're going to ruin the Texas cotton crop." He knew as well as I did that there probably were no more boll weevils in the cotton grown five miles east of Texas than in Texas itself. He chose to ignore

"Now," cried Demara, throwing down the cotton, "grow damn you grow!"



that. He yawned serenely. "Oh, it's been a good night's work," he said. "I have very possibly just changed the economic future of the state of Texas."

DEMARA'S experience has made him a believer in the rule that you can do almost anything and get away with it if only you do it right. We had long arguments about that, and in Jackson, Miss., Demara decided to prove his point. "You don't believe me," he said. "I'll show you." We circled about the streets of Jackson until we found a small park in which there was a cluster of loafers.

"Gentlemen, may I have your attention for a moment?" he said

to them. "I have something of importance to talk to you about today." He then proceeded to give a little talk. He was charming and knowing and friendly. Everything about the short speech was right except the subject matter: he was making an earnest plea for racial integration. He was not tarred and feathered. In fact, he even drew a word of praise. I had moved to the edge of the group, anxiously scanning the reaches of the park for any signs of the police when a man said to me, "I don't like *what* the man says but you got to like the *way* he says it."

An even more impressive and revealing example of Demara's oratorical powers occurred several days later along the highway leading to Shreveport, La. A tent revival meeting was under way alongside the road. Without even asking, I knew enough to stop. We took seats in the back of the small tent on two-by-fours placed across sawhorses. While we watched, a young girl with long blond curls who for some reason was decked out in a cowgirl suit was moving the crowd with a recital of her wicked past and how she had arrived at salvation.

Demara, who is professional about these things, whispered to me, "She's just telling her bad thoughts, see, not bad deeds. What we need here are some deeds." He was beginning to get his coat off and he was rolling up his sleeves. "And I got them," he added. When the cowgirl had run her shameful course, Demara ambled to the front of the tent. He kept his head down when he turned to face the small but intent group, and his voice was low.

"Friends and sinners," he began quietly, "because we are all sinners, I'm going to tell you about a life of sin that will make you cry and despair and that makes me sick to recount."

But recount he did. They use the word "possessed" to describe what happens at these meetings, and I suspect that, transported by his own enthusiasm, Demara became possessed. He no longer seemed aware of me. He told about many of the things he had done and regretted doing and then, amazingly, he began to tell about his life as an impostor. He told about stealing another man's identity papers and about operating on people when he was not a doctor. He was completely carried away.

"Oh, you were *terrible*!" a woman yelled.

"I was the worst. I am the worst!" he called back.

He was inspired. His voice rose to a rhythmic shout. He waved his hands and rocked, and the audience rocked with him. One line I noted down seems to me to be a splendid contribution to the oratory of tent evangelism: "If that Red River were to flow until Judgment Day, it couldn't match the river of tears my folks have shed for me for the sinful life I've led!"

"That young man should become a minister," a woman near me said.

"He will, he will," I assured her.

After Demara had been "saved," there was a hush in the tent as there is after an emotional orgy. It had been a performance that no one could follow. People reached out to shake his hand, and he glowed with genuine happiness. But when we were back in the car he slumped in the seat, drained, the bright illusion gone, the reality crowding in upon him.

"So now you know something else," he said. "I *believe* all that, every word of it, when I'm saying



"Oh, you were *terrible*," a woman yelled as Demara admitted his sins. "I was the worst," he called back.



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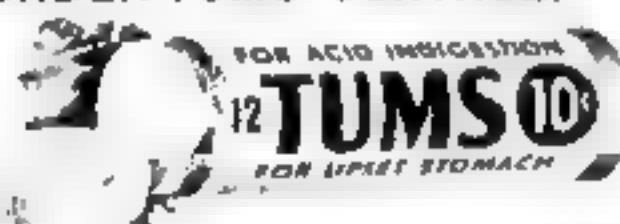
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## TRIP WITH IMPOSTOR CONTINUED

it. Then when it's all over I don't. I belong in a tent out here."

"You believed the religion in the tent, I knew that," I said, "but what about all the other roles you've played? What about when you're being a teacher or a doctor or a monk?"

"Of course, of course," he said angrily, "that's what I'm trying to say. I believe in them all, every time. That's why it always works."

THE car had been giving us trouble since Texas, and in Nashville it died. Demara, at the prodding of a policeman, bitterly pushed the car across six lanes of rush-hour traffic into a side street. "That's the end," he announced. "Either that car goes or I go." I knew he meant it. We took a train back to New York.

We were in the club car having a drink when a young man entered carrying an issue of LIFE in which there were pictures and a story of Demara and his exposure in Maine. We both saw it and I signaled to Fred that we should leave. Instead he began making a great deal of noise, causing the man to look up and study him from time to time.

It was evident when the proper page was reached. The magazine rattled loudly, the man's head shot up over the top for one lightning-fast survey of the impostor across the aisle, then shot down again. For at least 20 minutes the man made not another move. Then the magazine began to move down at the rate of possibly a quarter of an inch every minute. When the magazine had almost reached eye level, Demara got up softly from his seat and sneaked over to crouch at the man's feet. For a minute he had to wait that way—and then the man dared to lower the magazine all the way.

For one horrible moment he found himself staring directly into the eyes of the dreaded master impostor. For that moment he did nothing at all. He was immobilized.

"That's right," Demara said proudly, "it's me!"

The man hastily got to his feet, dropped the magazine and hurried out of the car. He actually left the train at the next stop.

IN New York, while I finished the research for my book, I tried to get Demara a job, but the few I could find were all too dull for him. As Ferdinand W. Demara he is entitled to nothing better than a semiskilled position. For a man of imagination who has taught at colleges and performed surgery, such jobs are unbearable. One morning he phoned. "I'm tired of being Fred Demara," he told me. "If you want to say goodbye, you better come down to the Port Authority bus terminal and see the last of him."

I sensed when I got there that something basic had changed. There was a new, purposeful air about him. "I haven't been idle," he told me. He patted his wallet. "I've been doing some credential collecting. You don't know it, but I'm not me any longer. I'm someone else."

We walked over to a bus that was headed back for the Midwest. Demara took a seat next to the window, and I stood outside on the platform. We tried to talk but there was not much to say. The engine started up and above the roar of it Demara shouted at me.

"Now let me get several things straight," he cried. "You were born in Albuquerque, New Mexico on Jan. 30, 1925, is that right? And then your family came east and you went to school in Queens and then in Bronxville?" He seemed to be reading from a card in his lap. The bus began to roll. "Wait," I yelled, running beside the bus, trying to keep up. "You're me, is that it? You're me now, aren't you?"

He did not say a word or make a sign. He merely sat up there in the bus, smiling gently, one finger held over his lips.



Enigmatic Demara, equipped with a new identity, takes leave of worried author



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# THE FABULOUS HOUSE OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

TURN THE PAGE





BEHIND CROUCHING STONE LION, ROTHSCHILD GUESTS ASSEMBLE AT PORTAL OF TURRETED MANSION

## PARTY HELD IN SPLENDOR

A party last week placed the flower of Parisian society in a setting whose splendor it has not enjoyed for decades. The occasion, a premier event of the premier summer social week called *la grande semaine* by the French, was the re-opening of Ferrières, the fabulous Rothschild family chateau near Paris.

Ferrières was built for the Rothschilds by a famous English architect, Sir Joseph Paxton, in 1857. It has been captured twice by German invaders. The Germans occupied it early in World War II, and ever since they left the splendid mansion has been kept closed. Now,

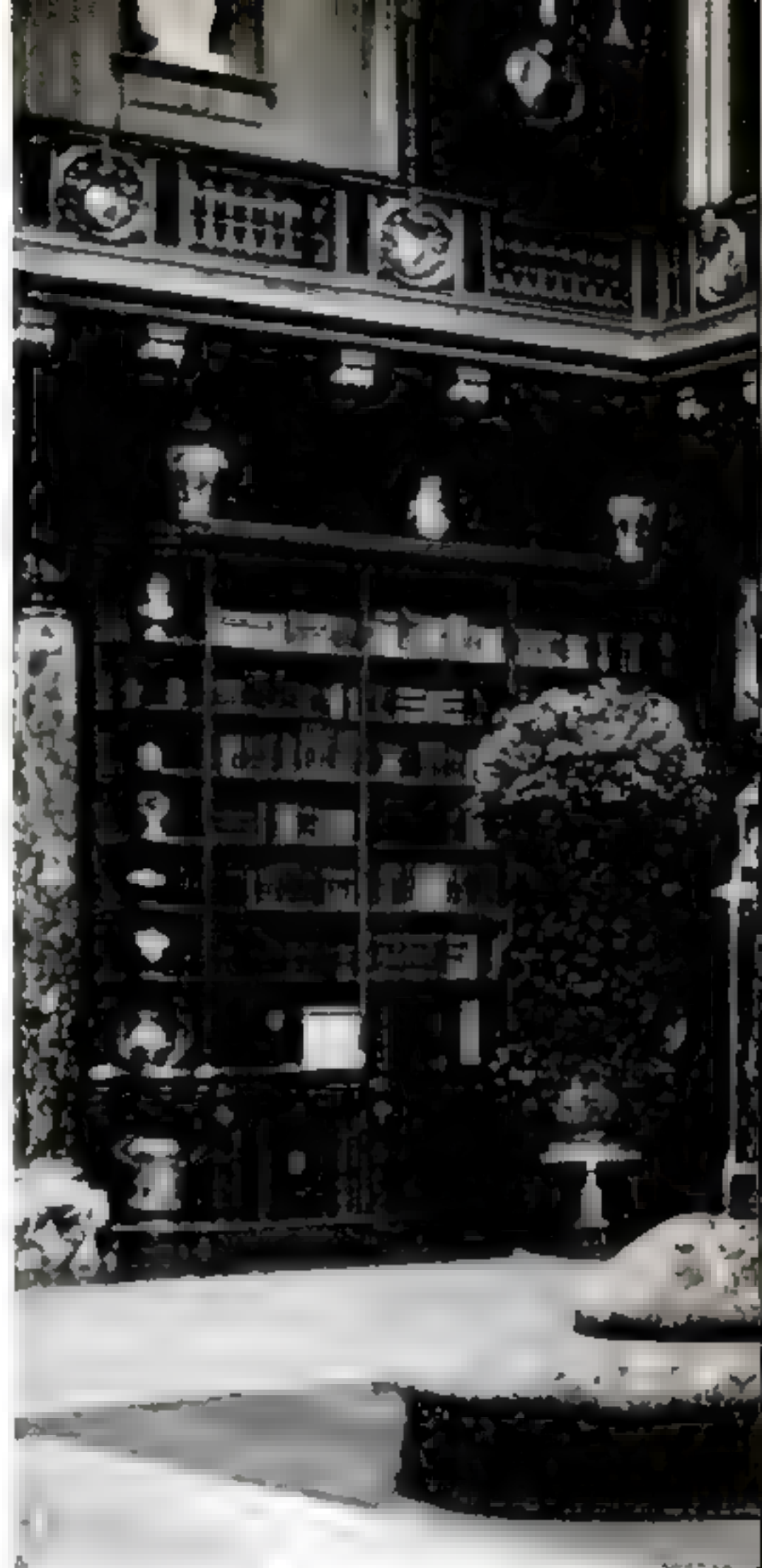
after two years spent renovating its 19th Century magnificence, Baron Guy de Rothschild, fifth-generation head of the French branch of the famous banking family, was entertaining once more. The party gave *LIFE* occasion to take these exclusive photographs of one of Europe's lordliest homes.

Rothschild's guests, a thousand diplomats, bankers, princesses and even Paris models, may have recalled the words of Ferrières' first German captor. "This couldn't be ours," King Wilhelm said when he first saw the mansion in 1870. "It could only belong to a Rothschild."



IN DINING HALL, beneath crystal chandelier, guests gather at buffet. Paintings in background,

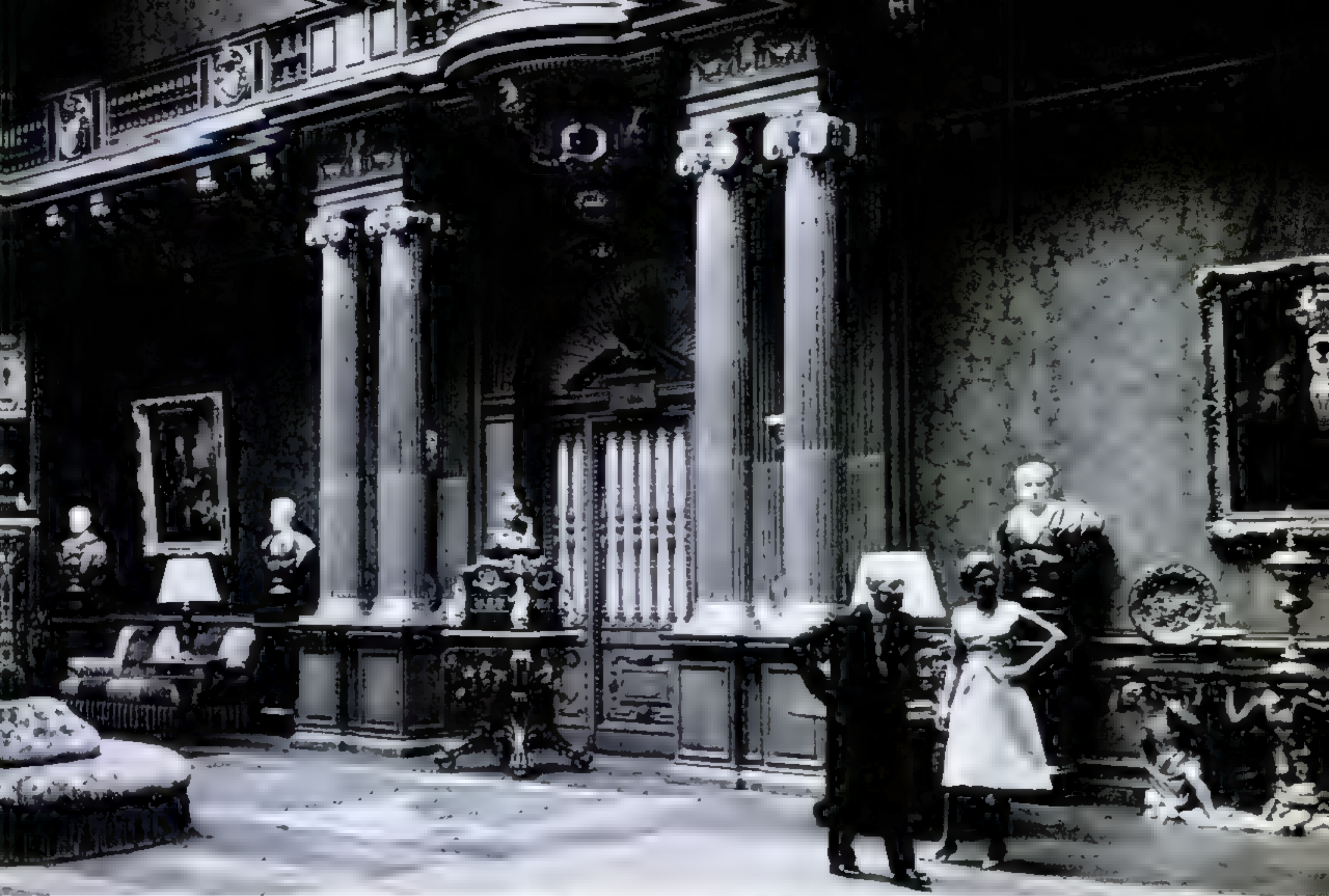
depicting biblical scenes, were based on Rembrandt sketches and painted on leather by his pupil, Bol.



IN MAIN HALL, (above), filled with works of art, Baron Rothschild and wife await their first guests. ↑







TAPESTRY-HUNG SALON (*below*) one of four of mansion's main floor is decorated with the 18th

Century work of French Artist Francois Boucher. Tapestries depict outdoor pursuits of noblemen. At

the right host's cousin, Baron Van de Ruit-schell, chats with guests seated at a grand old Napoleon III era





# WOW

With all the talk about anti-gravity and weightlessness, this might have seemed—before you turned this page upside down—a picture of something new in the space travel line. It is really Nellie (Mom) O'Bryan standing alongside her naturally in her Upside-Down House rally in her California's beside Mono Lake in the area, built only woman guide in the area, built the house herself and furnished it by bolting and gluing to the ceiling odds and ends she found in abandoned miners' cabins. What began as a joke has since turned into a pleasant small business as 1,000-odd tourists pay to see the house every summer. Mom says women who have small children like it best because it reminds them of home.

# MOM





(continued from front flap)

Quo the Status?

The American of today -- and the American of the Sixties -- is seen by the sociologists as a man increasingly interested in "status".

But what constitutes "status" in a society where more and more people have more and more money to spend on more and more interesting and sophisticated things?

The distinctions that used to disclose the difference between those with more or less money and responsibility are becoming blurred; the badges of status are becoming increasingly subtle and elusive. The trip to Europe -- once the rich man's prided symbol -- is now enjoyed by nearly everyone's neighbor.

The result of this, some sociologists complain, is that the U. S. is becoming homogeneous to the point of destroying individuality. This misses the crucial point about the new society of the Sixties: The society as a whole will be more homogeneous. But the individual's own personal guideposts for positioning himself in that society are disappearing. Increasingly, his opportunities to live diversely are expanding.

#### A Marketplace of Great Variety.

The Market of the Sixties will not only be wondrously diverse in terms of spending interest, it will also be highly diversified in the physical sense. Thus, where the new American will live will have a profound influence on the flow of consumer products and dollars in the Sixties.

# They're still leaving the farm: Farm population as a whole has dropped from 30.5 million in 1940, to 25.1 million in 1950, to less than 20 million currently. There will only be about half as many farm workers in 1970 as in 1940 (from 8.5 million as against about 4 million).

# And with plenty of moxie and the old-get-up-and-go ... This year, some 33 million Americans -- close to one out of five -- will change their place of residence. The number of moves per year will grow by 50% by 1970. As might be expected, this tendency to domestic mobility is particularly true of young adults.

# They're heading to some areas more than to others. Two spot examples:

-- The West -- California: During the Sixties populations the size of





Massachusetts and Connecticut (seven million) will be added to California's present 15 million. By 1970 Los Angeles will be the largest city in the most populous state in the country.

- The South -- Florida: Ranking 31st in population among U. S. states in 1930, Florida will rank about 9th in 1970. The state's population has doubled since the War; it will double again by 1970 to some 10 million.

# The suburban shift will continue:

- In 1954 FORTUNE estimated that about 30 million Americans lived in communities that were "strictly suburban" in character. The figure is in the neighborhood of 40 million today and comprises about one-quarter of all non-farm families. (LIFE's Study of Consumer Expenditures shows that suburban households spend 38% more, on the average, than all other households -- 73% more on frozen foods, 149% more on rugs and carpets, 62% more on automatic clothes washers, etc.)
- By the early 1970's two out of every three Americans will live in one of the 200 U. S. "standard metropolitan areas" -- those encompassing at least one city of 50,000 or more and its suburbs. This urban and suburban population will total about that of the entire nation in 1950.

To Sum Up ...

What has seemed until now like a growing tendency toward uniformity has actually been a blurring of occupational distinctions, the destruction of the gulf between two styles of life -- the white-collar and the blue-collar -- the "workers" and the middle class.

The dominant characteristic of the Market of the Sixties will be wider choice and diversity, not uniformity.

The consumer market will not be one, but many markets -- each one a mass market large enough to be supplied by mass production techniques. Competition between industries for larger shares of discretionary income will be just as intense as competition now is within industries for larger shares of the market.

U.S. auto makers will not just be competing among themselves, but with power boats, foreign vacations, larger homes and stereophonic sound. They will also be competing with a huge number of new products and services not yet developed or marketed.

Next week: The other great key to the Sixties: the urge for quality.



MARKET  
OF THE

60's





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...because it's the whiskey only the Hand of Skill can blend!

Calvert Reserve in your glass, workaday cares and irritations forgotten...and you're living in a golden world, a world of friends and shared laughter. And when you taste your

Calvert you'll find it has the easy-going flavor you like...the full strength you want in whiskey. Enjoy some Calvert Reserve soon. This whiskey has more power to please!

## Calvert Reserve





The better  
the makin's  
The better  
the smoke



NEW KING-SIZE SOFT PACK  
Also in famous flip-top box  
Sold in all 50 states

You get better makin's in a

# Marlboro

If you're thinking of changing brands, tattoo this in your mind... *This improved Marlboro filter* does what it's there for, but you don't have to huff and puff to make the smoke come through... *These Marlboro tobaccos* give you all the flavor they're grown for, aged for, and blended for. Try Marlboros for comfortable mildness.



Better makin's  
fore and aft

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